

GLORIANA,

OR THE

Court of *Augustus Caesar.*

TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the

Theatre Royal,

BY

Their Majesties Servants.

*Quibus hæc, sint qualiacunque
Arridere velim, doliturus si placeant spe
Deterius nostra,*

Hor. Sat. 10.

By N. A. T. L. E. E., Gent.

L O N D O N,

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Dramatis Personæ.

Augustus Cæsar.

Cæsar.

Marcellus.

Tiberius.

Agrippa.

Mecænas.

Ovid.

Leander.

Araspes.

Gloriana.

Julia.

Narcissa.

Mr. Mobun.

Mr. Hart.

Mr. Kenaston.

Mr. Lydall.

Mr. Cartwright.

Mr. Griffon.

Mr. Clarke.

Mr. Powell.

Mr. Harris.

Mrs. Marshall.

Mrs. James.

Mrs. Corbet.

SCENE, *The Palace of Augustus Cæsar.*

PROLOGUE

To Her GRACE

The Dutcheſs of *Portſmouth*.

Madam,

THERE is nothing more difficult, even to the Valiant or the Witty, than making Approaches to the Fair : Nay, I am confident the moſt renowned Conquerour, even *Alexander* himſelf, if he now liv'd, would rather ſtand expos'd alone to the Javelins of an enrag'd Multitude, than make his Addreſs to a Beauty ſo powerfully arm'd as Your Grace. The moſt lofty Wit that ever conſtant Succeſs and popular Applauſe made confident, would tremble to ſpeak before You : Judge then how unfit I am, blaſted in my hopes, and preſs'd in my growth by a moſt ſevere, if not unjuſt Fortune. 'Tis greatly done to raiſe the depreſs'd, which makes me apply my ſelf to Your Grace, who, as You are the Brighteſt, are likewiſe the Nobleſt Object in the World ; You enliven, like the Sun, with Univerſal Influence, which induces me to hope that a Beam from Your Grace may reach,

The Humbleſt of

Your Servants,

NAT. LEE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Roche.

HE whose attempt is shewn this Night to please,
Beheld me entering and my arm did seize,
Cry'd, Madam, stay, stay but one minute more;
But I your Servant left him at the door.

How dear, and yet how dreadful is the Night,
That makes a Poet, or undoes him quite?
Such is the Night when a kind-hearted Maid
Becomes a Sacrifice to Bridal-bed:

She fears to give what yet she wishes past,
Cries *hie*, no, and drives it to the last.
If to be brought oib' Stage so much can fright,
What Devil makes you all so mad to write?

But hold, let me consider—
Wit which was formerly but Recreation,
Is now become the Business of the Nation;
Prentices write Lampoons, your Justices
Have quirks for Courtiers late debaucheries,
And Constables with quibbles break the peace.

Your formal Citizen turns man of sense,
And has to Ingenuity pretence:
Treats Miss in Box, which was but Punk with you,
Gripes her craz'd knee, and treads upon her toe,
And cries, P sack, my dear, this Play will do.

With Beard precise his Verdict dares pronounce
Who by predestination is a Dunce:

All will be censuring a man that writes,
And praise or damn him like a man that fights.

With boldness therefore both should be inspir'd,
The Stout and Witty should alike be fir'd:

Poets, like Men of Courage, that begin,
Should still push forward when they're enter'd in,
Till certain of Applause they write with ease,
And with just forces are resolv'd to please:

The little Wits of course will then obey,
And briskly swear the fashionable way,

To all that those insipidly can say:

So a young sharp-set Bully—

With famine pinch'd, and much much given to think,
Who thirsts for fame, but thirsts much more for drink,
Resolves to perish, or inbance his Name,

And gives not o're till he proves Cock oib' Game;

Then he who lately seem'd like Winter bare,
Comes forth like Summer loofely clad and clear;

He drives the Squires with breath of Pantaloons,
And the least words he speaks is Bloud and wounds.

GLORIANA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Banquet. Enter Augustus, Agrippa, Mæcenas, Ovid following with Musick, and sings while the Emperour sits melancholy.

S O N G.

LET *Business no longer usurp your High Mind,
But to Dalliance give way, and to Pleasure be kind;
Let Business to morrow, to morrow employ,
But to day the short Blessing let's closely enjoy :
Let's frolick below, till they bear us above ;
To Cæsar we'll sing, to Cæsar and Jove.*

2.

*From Business we'll ramble, like Bridegrooms unbrac'd,
And surfeit on Pleasures which others but tast :
We'll laugh till we weep on the breasts of the Fair,
And the Tears that we shed, shall the Trespass repair.
We'll vow that below we but Ad those above,
Who never repent, yet are always in Love.*

*Ov. Vast are the Glories, Cæsar, thou hast won,
To make whose Triumphs up, the World's undone :
The Indians from the Eastern parts remote,
To thee the Treasure of their Shrines devote :
Whole Trees of Coral, which they div'd for low,
That in the walks of Neptune's Palace grow,
With Tritons trumpeting on ev'ry bough ;
Pearls which the mourning eyes of Thetis pay,
When her cool'd Lover bolts through waves away ;
And Diamonds that the Sun each morning sheds,
Driving his Chariot o're their footy heads.*

*Me. The Scythians from their Northern Climate come,
And in their Waggon-houses pensive roame ;
For thee they seek : 'Tis at thy Name they shake,
And far off prostrate Adorations make.
They who the great Pellaan Victor's Arms
Repell'd, seem Thunder-strook at thy alarms.*

*Agr. The Parthians dreading Cæsar, Peace proclaim,
Whose haughty minds no Force could ever tame,
Who the renown'd Mark Anthony o'recame.
And Crassus, who like some large Oak had stood
The brush of warring winds, and showers of blood,
His Army round him like an under-wood ;*

These Martial Rangers root and branches tore,
And on their Crests his trickling heart-strings wore.

Ov. The World shou'd stretch to hold an Emperour
So tall in Vertue, and so wide in Pow'r.

Where e're on Nature's peaceful face he treads,
Her foremost rank of Sons submit their heads;
With smiles they all his God-like walkings greet,
While Crowns and Scepters play about his feet.

Aug. Cease this unwelcome noise; I say, give o're,
Ye must not speak, since I can hear no more:
Take wing like Angels, fly to Heav'n's abodes,
Though ye have tongues might charm the ears of Gods:
They please not me, for I am discord all,
Broke by my own that triumph in my fall.
Barns and Out-houses, or some rotten Hold,
Please the dark Birds better than rooms of Gold.
Why tell ye me of circumvested pride,
Of Purpl'd Fame, and thousand cares beside?
Give me but one or two soft happy hours,
And all the greatneses of State be yours.

Mec. What lifted troubles your high thoughts molest,
And shake the frame of your Majestick breast?

Ov. If some portentous darkness at Noon-day,
Should o're the Heav'n deep dreadful black display,
Without offence to Altars we might come,
To know the cause of such a horrid gloom.
'Tis Loyal kindness urges our desire;
Speak, *Cesar*, lest we sin while we enquire.

Mec. So huge and dark your Sorrow's Chaos grows,
No glimm'ring streak of Joy can interpose.

Ov. Your mighty care no interval allows,
All musings, starts, and sad contracted brows;
Your Spirit like old Night, e're Day was made,
Is one substantial darkness, solid shade.

Aug. Last night as at your feet I waking lay,
Viewing the Golden Taper's watchful Ray,
I heard your deeds with horror wrap'd unfold,
Sad Sacred things, and never to be told.
I saw you arm'd from your toss'd Bed arise,
Awful as *Jove*, call'd by a Virgins cries,
Starts with his Thunder to the curtain'd Skies:
Honour you cry'd, then stalk'd about the Room,
Thrice call'd, *Scribonia*, curse upon thy womb;
Cutting the Air you made three empty blows,
And then lay down, seeking with groans repose.

Mec. Ev'n now strong sighs your Royal fabrick tear,
And with their violent course torment the Air:
Slow from your eyes conflicting sorrows pass,
And you in vain the struggling tears suppress.

Aug. O my lov'd Friends, 'tis a harsh truth ; but stay,
It will not out till Tears have smooth'd its way ;
Take it in one worst word, my actions stain,
The Canker of my Laurels Valour's bane ;
Of all great evil *Julia* be the name,
Who from the womb of curst *Scribonia* came ;
Blushing in War I got the wanton brood,
The scum of boiling Youth, froth of my blood !

Ag. Some busie person with Officious tongue, [*Ovid goes out.*
Has offer'd to th' Imperial Princess wrong.
Your choice *Marcellus* dearly she approves,
And whom you have adopted, highly loves :
But being boundless born, and mark'd for sway,
Cannot by passion check'd nice rules obey.

Mec. Vainly her thoughts they guess by outward form ;
She may be calm within, without a Storm :
Her heart from common view remov'd lies deep,
As Mines of Gold in Nature's bosom sleep.

Aug. Rightly her vertue by a Mine you lay,
Where ev'ry lusty Slave may hew his way.
I know from those that wou'd not forge, she is
Loose, vain, a mocker of our Deities.
Now by yon' Heav'n she has my fury rais'd,
And he's my Foe by whom she dares be prais'd,
A Mine ! of what ? she is all counterfeit,
I've weigh'd her in the ballance, found her light ;
But from my heart the glitt'ring dross I'll tear,
Like glass to dust I'll pound the brittle fair,
Then blow her to her Element the Air.

Enter Julia attended.

Jul. That Roof's to low, and all the Figures old,
I'll have it new wrought up in fretted Gold ;
Nor shall those Dorick Pillars long remain,
But the vast Cieling shall it self sustain.

Aug. Not *Venus* in the proudest Robes she wears,
With thousand Crowns and Trains of dragging Stars,
Thoughts so high flown, e're knew, nor e're cou'd stretch
Expanded pride like this ambitious wretch.

Jul. *Cæsar* to *Jove* may claim the second place,
But I with *Juno* will have equal grace,
And when she dares match for the better face.
Henceforth I'll have all first unmixt, entire,
My Meats prepar'd with Elemental fire ;
The Palace walks with common feet are worn,
Rais'd flying Gardens on vast Columns born,
So near to Heav'n, that scorning *Tiber's* wave,
In Chrystal Buckets we the Clouds may lave,
To wash the pendant Soil ; so strange to view,
It shall *Semiramis* fam'd Groves outdo.

Aug. Be Judges both, and then my wrath forgive,
Just *Livia*! But 'tis past, she shall not live.

Jul. Methinks already I am walking there,
Tread the fring'd Banks, and breath the Vernal air,
And Purple clusters round my Temple shine,
And flowrie mantling Amaranth divine,
And Sense grows wanton as the lusty Vine.
Now cloy'd methinks with the mellifluous Grove,
From Sunny Meads, to cool recess I move,
With tall young men that make immortal love.

Aug. Since 'tis well known how kind you are to Sense,
Why should you talk of a Removal hence?
Heav'n's feasts too thin for your quaint Palate are,
We talk of Nectar, but how comes it there?
Provoking Banquets, rich Ambrosial Meat,
When Clouds they drink indeed, and Air they eat?
Let not your fancy from its Sphere be driv'n,
You'll never like the slender fare of Heav'n.

[*Scornfully.*]

Jul. Mistake me not, 'tis for variety
That I Elysium's Argent Fields would see:
Think you that from your Throne I wou'd remove,
To be the gaudiest Starry Queen above?
'Twas not my purpose, Sir, to tarry there,
I'd only go to Heaven to take the air.

Aug. Come thou'rt not fit to live.

Jul. Dread Father, why?

Aug. Thou art all ill.

Jul. Then I'm not fit to dye.

Death will the hopes of Vertue's growth prevent,
But if you grant me life, I may repent.

Aug. I here pronounce her Stranger to my blood;
Stay not revenge that must not be withstood.

[*Agrippa and Mecenas hold him.*]

Did not *Virginus* his Daughter call
To death, and did she not the voice extoll?
She kiss'd his feet, and blest him in her fall.

Brutus his Sons gave up to angry power,
And with stern visage said, They are no more.
These were just Victims to the shrines of Fame,
And got their Authors an Eternal name.

Ag. Great Prince's kneel, and his sworn rage attone.

Jul. To ask him pardon, were a crime to own.

Aug. No, in her Obstinacy let her sink,
My curse pursue thee to the Infernal brink;
To Hell, to Hell I'll drive thy spotted soul,
Where in Eternal tortures she shall roul,
Turn round, and shriek with pain in livid fires,
And when for ease the weary wretch aspires
To those bright Thrones which she did once Blaspheme,
To a new Hell Heav'n shall the Fiend condemn.

From beds of Flames where thou didst lye and roar,
Whirlwinds shall bear thee hot all reeking o're,
And sweating drops of blood, and round thee blow,
Then plunge thee in th' Abyſs of Ice and Snow.

Jul. All that is Earth of me is in your hand,
But, Sir, my Spirit's not at your command.
I have a Soul that when my body dies,
Shall mix with the immortal Deities.
Nor can the awful puff of *Cæſar's* name,
Blow out this ſpark of the ætherial flame:
Spight of the clouds your fury's Tempeſt wears,
I'll up and ſcorn your anger from the Stars.

Aug. She's all o're woman——Abſtract of her kind,
And all the Sex is crôuded in one mind:
Her very Thoughts——

Are woman in the bud, though yet unblown,
But all her words are pregnant woman grown.

Jul. Why was I deſtin'd to be born above,
By Midwife Honour to the light convey'd,
Fame's Darling, the bright Infant of high love,
Crown'd and in Empire's golden Cradle laid?
Rock'd by the hand of Empreſſes, that yield
Their Scepters form'd to Rattles for my hand,
Born to the wealth of the green floating Field,
And the rich duſt of all the yellow Land.
And why did Fate ſo vaſt a Dowry give,
As renders me a Conſort fit for *Jove*,
Unleſs ſhe meant that I ſhould looſly live,
And free from cares below, as Gods above?

Aug. Quench, quench, y' immortal powers! theſe home-bred jars,
Though all the Earth revolt, and wage freſh Wars:
Raiſe from the dead *Mark Anthony* again,
Once more let's try our fortunes on the Main.
To *Ægypt* back let all her Spoils be brought,
And let 'em with freſh blood more wounds be bought:
Lean *Cæſſius*, God-like *Brutus*, riſe, combine,
Nay with the *Memphian* black Armado joyn;
Dip (ev'n your heels) all o're in Stygian Lake,
And more than *Achilean* hardneſs take;
Hire all the winds, immortal as you are
Again to *Ætium* I your Ghoſts will dare,
And into Atomes drive the gather'd Air.

Agr. Stop not the Torrent of his riſing rage,
Give it full courſe and it will ſoon aſſuage.

Aug. Thus *Pyrrhus*, whom no manly force could quell,
At laſt inglorious, by a woman fell.

O *Jupiter*! dread King of Heav'n and Rome,
Let death, but no diſhonour, be my doom;
That *Julia's* name no more may cleave my head,
Strike me for ever deaf, deaf as the dead.

[*kneels*]

O *Julia*!

O *Julia*! but for thee my fame had past,
 Shew'd like a Chrystal Rock to Ages last;
 Each lust of thine like an envenom'd dart,
 Has drunk the life-blood of thy Father's heart

Jul. That I am innocent——

Aug. I know thou art;

But make no words on't: go, with life depart.

[Exit *Jul.*

Agr. Your Wars in *Spain* a glorious period have,
 And all applaud *Marcellus* as most brave,
 Who in his first essay your Foes o'rethrew,
 And cou'd such wonders in his Non-age do.

Mec. Equal to him the valiant brave unknown
Plangas so fam'd, rush'd through all hazards on;
 Of birth unknown, but of high blood in War,
 Who with *Marcellus* did the Triumph share:
Marcellus who adopted *Cesar* stands,
 And under you the conquer'd Earth commands.

Agr. Fame loudly speaks the deeds which he has done,
 First shews the Father, and then draws the Son.

Aug. Ev'n he has guilty been, and as 'tis said,
*Cesar*io whom we thought in *Egypt* dead,
 This brave *Marcellus* harbour'd in his Tent;
 Such news was to my Empress *Livia* sent.
 But once more by my Father's soul I swear,
 If that young King of Kings in *Rome* appear,
 The *Parthian* Empire shall not save his head,
 I'll give ten thousand Talents for him dead.

Mec. Dispell those clouds that thicken on your brow,
 And I will speak.

Agr. Full freedom we allow.

Mec. Against *Cesar*io be not thus severe,
 At least not openly your wrath declare:
 By private Instruments his hopes abate,
 Which more agrees with your own rules of State.

Agr. 'Tis nois'd (for sure such secrets cannot sleep)
 That you in private *Gloriana* keep,
 Th' illustrious *Pompey's* Daughter; I advise,
 That your white Age wou'd Beauty's gloss despise.
 Let not the Nations blame your being old,
 Nor think of loving now your blood is cold.

Aug. Furies! and Hell! I am become their sport:
 They flout me——How! ye elder slaves on Court,
 Come feel my arms, and learn to be more bold;
 Am I not fit to love? Ha! am I old?
 Ye Apes of fame, ye Sparks to my full day!
 Ye Gnats that in my Evening glory play!
 But with my Sword I'll punish your offence,
 And make ye know what 'tis to affront a Prince.

[Lays his hand
 on his Sword.

Agr. Our deaths are in your hands, act as you please.

Mec. Your frowns not death our souls with terror seize.

Aug.

Aug. No, ye regard me not, nor love, nor fear ;
I know your hearts—— you wish *Cæsario* here,
Here—— in my Throne, ungrateful as ye are,
By me prefer'd in Peace, advanc'd in War.

Agv. You are the best of Kings.

Aug. No, I'm the worst,
Stupid, morose, tyrannical, accurst.
I, like old *Saturn*, must forgo my Sphere,
You're for a mad young fiery *Jupiter*.
Yet this remember in your Thund'ers reign,
The Golden days will never come again.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE, *Palace-Hall.*

Cæsario, Araspes, Leander.

Cæs. **P**roscrib'd !

Aras. So rumour spreads it.

Cæs. Ha !

Aras. 'Tis true ;

His fears the old Proscription now renew.
Great is the man, he said, that brings him dead,
He give ten thousand Talents for his head.
Such dreadful noise from *Cæsar's* fury broke,
And guilt like Wild-fire thrill'd him as he spoke.

Lea. He thought you long ago in *Egypt* slain,
But with late tremblings heard you liv'd again :
Then tore his hair, and mad with choler, said,
Augustus lives not till *Cæsario's* dead.

Cæs. Then *Cæsar's* lost, and shall in Chaos lye,
Since 'tis not to be thought that I should dye,
Immediate from the loins of *Julius* sprung,
Like *Hercules* from *Jove*, for ever young,
In battles big as *Mars*, and full as strong.

Aras. Yet you're a man.

Cæs. Said you of me ? 'Twas poor :
A man ! *Araspes*, I was always more.
When me in Swadling-bands the Nurses rock'd,
My soul was full with God-like courage stock'd ;
The sounds which first my wondrous voice did move,
Were Father *Julius*, and Grandfire *Jove* :
Ev'n in my Childhood I was more than man,
Bears in my Non-age slew, and Stags out-ran,
Leander, thou remembrest who are old,
When yet nine Winters I had scarcely told,
A half starv'd Lion in our chase I brav'd,
And from his jaws my panting Mother sav'd.

Lea. I saw him by your early valour fall.

Cæs. Fall !—— by my valour !—— saw him ! is that all ?

Thou

Thou speak'st, *Leander*, as thou didst repine;
 Thou should'st have said, it was an act Divine,
 A God-like act, to see a ruddy Boy
 With milk on's lips, the Royal beast destroy.
 With my gay Sword, brandish'd above my Crest,
 O'respread with Plumes, and with Queens favours dress'd,
 I cross'd the Savage, eager for his prey,
 Who daunted with my aspect shun'd the fray:
 But I out-run him, though he got the start,
 And flesh'd my little Rapier in his heart.
 By the dread Thunderer, from whom I came,
 Whose hand casts forked bolts, and leaping flame,
 He tumble head-long this Usurper down,
 And from his head tear the Imperial Crown.

Aras. Stay, Son of *Cesar*, whither wou'd you run?
 Sorrow shall end what your blind wrath begun.

Forgive me if your death I dare prevent,
 And force your courage take another bent.

Lea. Both you shall send to everlasting rest,
 And ride to ruine o're this Loyal breast:
 For think not we can stay to see you dye;
 We'll usher you to immortality.

Let wit contrive, and leisure give to Time,
 While we instruct you this steep Throne to climb.

Ces. Plots are the dark and back way to a Throne,
 Miss but one step, we roul with ruine down:
 Then let's away to quell with open strife
 This base Usurper that proscribes my life.

Lea. Perhaps the rumour's false, your rage subdue,
 Or seek it here on us for being true.

Ces. Was I for this in *Alexandria* fam'd
 The King of Kings, and Heir oth' World proclaim'd;
 While Vassal Princes did about me croud,
 And *Asia's* Chiefs of my commands grew proud!
 Did not our Mother perish by his Arms,
 That source of Love and ever-flowing charms,
 Great *Cleopatra*, who now drowns the Stars,
 And shews to Goddesses her glorious Scars!
 Yet have I question'd him for what was done?

Lea. We know you ne're molested what he won.

Ces. Nay have I not of late his Foes o'rethrown;
 His Standards fix'd ith' heart of stubborn *Spain*,
 And bow'd her neck to the old yoke again!
 And dares he thus my services reward?
 Stand back, He kill him midst of all his Guard:
 Though at the Altar in the Capitol,
 The purple Brute a Sacrifice shall fall.

Marcellus meets him.

Mar. What prodigal of life your wrath has rais'd,
 And fann'd the flame with which your cheeks are blaz'd?

Ne're did I see that Scabbard empty made,
But drunken slaughter hung upon the Blade.

Cæs. Bloud ! my *Marcellus*, bloud ! the great must dye !
Yet Eagle-like Ple strike my Quarry high,
And from the earth rebound him to the skie.

Mar. Name me the man too lavish of his tongue,
For blows could ne're the brave *Cesar* wrong :
Name him aloud, but name me one that's Great !
Back'd with such Troops as never knew defeat !
And if he 'scape, let me no more be thought——

Cæs. Hold, hold *Marcellus* : Heav'n ! I had forgot
That my great Foe is father to my Friend ;
Down, my Revenge : Thus all my swellings end.

Mar. What means this change ?

Cæs. Nothing, *Marcellus*, now.
Large are the sums I to your friendship owe :
My thoughts no more about Revenge debate,
Though slaves *Augustus* hires to work my fate ;
Take all my Titles, Scepters, fills my Thrones,
And plunder me of all my Father's Crowns :
Yet being kind to you, long may he live,
While I learn patience, and my wrongs forgive.

Mar. How ! my united powers of Rage disband ;
My Sword at *Cesar*'s name falls from my hand.
O my *Cesar*, can you for my sake
Forget the sweets of just Revenge to take ?
Can you for me call back your fallying soul,
Whose wrath not *Cesar*'s Guards cou'd else controul ?
This is a point too subtle for mankind,
And which no future vertue e're shall find.

Cæs. Believe me, Friend, believe me, for I swear
By my high Father's soul, 'twere easier far
Back the revolted Universe to win,
Than but our passions conquest to begin.
Revenge and Friendship in my bosom clash'd,
Like Mountain billows, each the other dash'd ;
Still my uncertain soul each Tempest blinds,
Like a dark Vessel driv'n by Polar winds :
But you like a propitious God arise,
On the blue Ocean shine the Azure Skies,
And now the beaten mind at Anchor lies.

Mar. Methinks I wish that I had never known
Vertue like yours ; so high, that mine is none :
You as some vast Hill touching Heav'n appear,
I at your feet like a poor Valley near :
Down from your Cloudy top refreshings flow,
Fast bounteous rills that water me below :
Valleys ; but Vapours can to Heav'n return,
And I with sighs your falling favours mourn.

Cæs. Darling of *Romans*, Vertue's fairest Child,

At whose blest Birth the kinder planets smil'd,
 Trust me thy Mother, when with Infant charms
 The Matrons gave thee crying to her arms,
 Not lov'd thee more ; my soul thou hast subdu'd,
 And damn'd the torrent of my rising blood.

Mar. Bow, ye bright dwellers, bow all your Heav'ns down,
 Impale his brows with an Immortal Crown ;
 Thou *Julius* whose high name in living Gold
 Is in Fate's Book above the Sun's enroll'd,
 With Starry Robes the Worlds great Heir enfold :
 For all Earths Glories he transcends as far,
 As Gods above their humblest Victims are.

Ces. Ev'n while thou flatter'st me, thou lovely art ;
 By Heav'n young man thou hast thy Souldier's heart ;
 And while I hold thee to my faithful breast,
Cesar with Empire is not half so blest.
 On thy hearts throbs so I triumphant ride,
 Farewell Ouations and the Victors pride ;
 No more shall big Ambition bend my brow,
 Love me but ever as thou lov'st me now.

Enter Narcissa.

Nar. Swift as chac'd Harts before the Hunters fly,
 Swift as their panting weariness they throw
 Into some stream, my dearest Brother, I
 Run to thy breast, and melt in tears that flow.
 Dost thou not view joys peeping from my eyes ?
 The Casement's open'd wide to gaze on thee ;
 As *Rome's* glad Citizens to windows rise,
 When they some young Triumpher fain would see.

Mar. Dearest *Narcissa*, softest of thy kind,
 A thousand thousand welcomes ; but alas,
 In dang'rous Courts I much lament to find
 Thy Innocence which cannot safely pass.

Ces. She is the brightest that my eyes e're saw,
 And if soft passion cou'd my fierceness move,
 That Spring-complexion wou'd my wonder draw,
 Such unmixt sweets of Nature I should love.

Mar. With looks untaught thou wilt too rude appear,
 Expos'd to ev'ry haughty Princess scorn ;
 Back to thy Country Palaces repair,
 And tempt not Courts for which thou wert not born.
 The Great ones here will quickly make thee fine,
 And to thy Vertue for refreshings run ;
 Like Summer days too hot our Beauties shine,
 But thee they'll follow like a Winter Sun.

Ces. Why, beauteous Virgin, dost thou plant thy eyes
 As thou wouldest drive me hence who ne're cou'd run ?
 I am not us'd to Beautie's batteries,
 Yet rather than offend I will be gone.

Mar. No longer in my arms, lov'd Sister, stay,

The Court of Augustus Cæsar.

11

Your kindest thanks to my preserver pay ;
A thousand deaths he in my cause has brav'd,
And twice my life in our last battle sav'd.

Enter Tiberius to Marcellus, they embrace.

Mar. Welcome, my gallant Friend—— Thy looks are sad :
If there be ought wherewith thou art dismay'd,
Speak it, though at the News both shou'd expire ;
Is *Julia*——

Tib. Twere convenient you'd retire ;
I'll tell you, dear *Marcellus*, as we go,
Such secrets as no heart but yours shou'd know.

[*Exeunt.*

Nar. My Brother charg'd me ; but what can I say,
When you all pow'r of speech have ta'en away ?
My heart beat thus, just thus against my side,
That cruel day when my lov'd Turtle dy'd.

Cæs. A heart like mine Love in his walk ne'er found,
Nor Prettiness, nor Majesty can wound ;
'Tis sure the coldest Beauty ever felt,
Not Ice, but Chrystal, which no Sun can melt.

Nar. O fatal fight ! have I with frequent scorn
Seen at my Garden-gates great Princes mourn,
And can I now submit to one unknown ?
Can this be true ? Poor heart, art thou o'rethrown ?
Vanquish'd at last ? ith' name of goodness speak,
What art that dost my gentle quiet break ?

Cæs. A Souldier, Fair one, bred to blood, in Arms,
In Winter Camps which mighty Action warms ;
I know not Courts, unskill'd in the soft Trade
By which address is to high Beauty made :
Yet I to yours can bow as lowly down,
As Eastern Princes to the rising Sun.

Nar. Bow to my beauty, to this Rural face ?
I know no charms, nor any practis'd grace :
Planted far off by *Cæsar's* jealous care,
Not bred in Court perfumes, but Country air.
Me from his daughter he divided young,
And told me Courts my innocence wou'd wrong :
But sure my eyes can nothing see in you
To make me think what *Cæsar* said was true.

Enter Mecenas.

Mec. Madam, the Empress does your coming wait,
With half the Court attending at her gate ;
And gazing Eyes expect your presence there,
As if some Constellation would appear.

Cæs. I'll wait you to the Empress—— Tyrant Love,
Whom all the charms of Nature cannot move.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Marcellus, Tiberius.

Mar. Since Love proves false, in vain does Valour toil,
To ashes turn my Arms, my ev'ry spoil,
Burn all my Laurels in one Fun'ral Pile.

Alas, *Tiberius*, had another said
Julia is false, her honour has betray'd,
 I could not have believ'd; but thou art true,
 Wou'd thou wert not; wou'd all that Hell er'e knew
 Of darkeſt miſchiefs harbour'd in thy mind,
 So by thy fraud I might her Vertue find.

Tib. While you abroad fought in *Rome's* cauſe ſo well,
 She to the loweſt, leudeſt courſes fell;
 Her Palaces with late debauches rung,
 Strip'd Eunuchs wanton Odes before her ſung:
 On tall young Monarchs ſhoulders liſted high
 She acted Triumphs, *lo* was her cry,
 Her crown'd Supporters *lo* did reply.

Mar. Loofe *Julia*! what ſtrong philters did unman
Augustus, from whoſe loins thy Spirit ran!

Tib. At midnight drefſ'd like *Venus*, all Divine,
 I ſaw her by the blaze of Diamonds ſhine,
 High on a Throne of Gold, with God-like port,
 Follow'd with clamour of the reeling Court.
 Thrice ſhe the doors of *Janus* Temple burſt,
 And once *Jove's* houſe the Capitol ſhe forc'd;
 From his Gold Statue poliſh'd Thunder took,
 And at his face the brandiſh'd weapon ſhook:
 In her left hand the Silver Lightning clafh'd,
 Which blindly hurl'd the Sacred windows dath'd.

Mar. Love I conjure thee, though with mortal ſinart,
 Draw back thy Arrows that infect my heart.

Tib. Of all the Scepter'd throng that did adore
 She none refus'd, but wiſh'd they had been more.
 What was in private acted we but think,
 Where all her Maids are Mutes, and Eunuchs wink.
 Her Monarch dalliance was not prov'd, but gueſs'd,
 But Love to Wit did open all her breaſt,
 And ſhe ſo foul a knot with *Ovid* drew,
 As bloud can never looſe, nor death undoe.

Mar. With *Ovid*! Dares his haughty Muſe aſpire
 To praſtiſe on his Prince? Ple mount it higher,
 Teach his rude wit a flight ſhe never had,
 And ſend her Poſt to the Elyſian ſhade.

Tib. One ſolemn Night, when the pale conſcious Moon
 Rode high and clear, at melancholy Noon
 I roſe, with Dreams abaſh'd of true event,
 And to the Princeſs Bower my muſings bent.
 To the crown'd Arbours as I nearer drew,
 Methought I heard two voices that I knew;
 Parting the Leaves, I ſaw by Lunar light
 Love's guilty joys, a ſinful pleaſing fight;
 On Flow'rs and all the ſweets of Nature ſpred,
 In *Ovid's* arms the ſmiling Princeſs laid.

Mar. What mortal patience can the news abide !

Tib. Pow'r cricling Wit, and Pleasure pressing Pride,
Her glowing breast joyn'd to his kindling side.
She catch'd his sighs that panted in their flight,
With eyes, hands, lips, all trembling with delight ;
Long did her naked beauty stay my sight.
Fair as the blushing bed her body preit,
As a *May*-morning rising from the East,
Or day dismounting in the golden West.

Mar. Wheels, Stones, and all the subtlest pains of Hell,
With burnings reddest plagues about 'em dwell.
About 'em ! In 'em, through 'em let 'em run,
And flames with flames invol'd be swallow'd down.

Tib. With tendrest words her busie love she grac'd,
And having kindly touch'd his yielding waist,
She said, Ah wou'd *Marcellus* were in Heav'n,
And wou'd *Corinna* were to *Ovid* giv'n ;
For Wit to me is more than Empires charms,
Or all the furtéits of a Monarchs arms.

Mar. No more, thou'st put my soul upon the rack ;
Both lives revenging glory bids me take :
But the remains of passion bid me spare
This beautiful ingrate peridious fair ?
Since he was ne're with gallant ardour mov'd,
That cou'd be urg'd to harm what once he lov'd :
And how I lov'd, how wonderfully well,
None but the Author of her flame can tell.
Thy beauty, *Julia*, did my reason blind ;
For e're our hands unlucky *Hymen* joyn'd,
I guess'd thee false, yet swore I wou'd be kind.

Enter Ovid with Julia reading.

Jul. Such a companion ne're did *Julia* blest ;
To have a menial Monarch wait were less :
Ovid, whose fame above high *Virgil* grows,
Whose labour sure must Nature discompose,
But *Ovid* with familiar greatness flows ;
And when he pleases to command our eyes,
What charming Tales does his soft muse devise ?

Ov. Thus to be grac'd by her whom all admire,
To gain whose love Gods wou'd, Kings do expire —

Mar. Amongst the rest fall thou a Sacrifice,
Thus to be offer'd to your Goddess eyes.

Jul. *Marcellus*, hold ! fly, *Ovid*, hast away.

Ov. Madam, I know what duty I shou'd pay ;
The Prince resolves to take my life, which none
Shall do without the hazard of their own.

Mar. *Tiberius*, give me way, by Heav'n he dies,
I'll tread upon the worm which I despise.

Jul. Help : Treason ! Murder ! help.

GLORIANA; or,

*Enter Cæſario.**Ov.* Come all, for were ye more I cou'd not fear.*Cæſ.* What about one is all this trouble here?

Put up, for ſhame, I'll blow him from your fight,
 Valour diſdains the Quarry in her flight,
 Commands in Fields we ſhould our Standards raiſe,
 And make this Writer but our drudge to praiſe.

*Enter Auguſtus, Agrippa, Mecænas, and Guards.**Aug.* Where are the Authors of this Treafon gon?

Traytors to pow'r! diſarm 'em ev'ry one.

(*The Captain of the Guards takes Marcellus, Ovids, and
 Tiberius Swords; goes laſt to Cæſario.*)

Cæſ. Captain, ſtand off, I did no cauſe afford
 Of quarrel here, and will not yield my Sword.

Aug. What, a new Traytor? in my preſence too?
 Know obſtinate thy death thou doſt purſue.
 Reſign, or dye —

Mar. Have you ſo ſoon forgot
 The wonders which his Sword ſo lately wrought?
 The noble *Plangus* who preſerv'd your Son,
 And three pitch'd Battles by his valour won.

Aug. What ſhall he ſtand and brave me to my face?
 Reſuſe my orders? bid him take my place.
 By the *Cæſarian* Maſteſty ador'd,
 He is a Traytor that denies his Sword.

Cæſ. I ſay, my Sword's my own, and ſhall —*Aug.* So fond of fate!

Then that thou mayſt not want for Arms, take that.

(*Hurles his Dagger at him, the Guards ruſh on
 Cæſario, and hold him.*)

Mar. Thus! is it thus his Services you pay? [*kneels.*]*Aug.* If thou wouldſt have him live, take him away.*Mar.* Guards, force him hence.*Cæſ.* Yes, *Cæſar*, I will go,Conqu'ring my ſelf, I quell thy mightieſt foe. [*Exit.*]

Aug. And you, Sir, you who durſt your weapon draw,
 Againſt that Prince whom I ordain to awe
 The greateſt Kings, to baniſhment be gone,
 I'll teach your ſaucy Muſe to dare a Throne.

Ov. If I in thought to you leſs Rev'rence gave,
 Than what the Deities from Altars have;
 If that the Royal *Julia* I adore
 In other manner than we worſhip Pow'r,
 Add to the Punishment that you have laid
 Unjuſtly on me, and pronounce me dead.

Jul. O *Cæſar*! Father!

Aug. Dare not mercede;
 Speak but another word and he ſhall bleed.

Ov. For ever then thou glorious *Rome* farewel:
 To the Earth's limits, *Cæſar*, I will go,

Where if thou hast a yet unconquer'd Foe,
My Sword, for I have fought, shall take his head,
And with my Pen I'll damn him when he's dead. [Exit.

Aug. Still homebred jarrs ! But I these feuds will end ;
By Heav'n I'll break your hearts if you'll not bend.
My *Hydra* Rebels vanquish'd, rise up more,
Was ever Monarch thus perplex'd before ?
O that *Pythagoras* his dream were true !
I wou'd not govern such a cursed crew
One moment longer ; Now, ev'n now I'de dye,
And into some more Kingly Lion fly,
Where with full Empire I the Woods might sway,
And All the Nobler Beasts my Laws obey.

[Exit

ACT III. SCENE I. *The Palace Garden.*

Cæfario, Araspes, Leander.

Cæf. BY all the Trophies of the Conquer'd Field,
By ev'ry vanquish'd Sword, and batter'd Shield,
He dyes, though the Auxiliar Fates shou'd stand
To fence the lifted forces of my hand ;
Though bulwark'd with *Rome's* Hills in Tow'rs of Brass,
Yet like *Laocoon's* Launce my Sword shall pass
Through all——By Heav'n to Hell he shall be thrown,
His Universal mightiness shall down.

Aras. Your ruine must inevitable be.

Cæf. It matters not what shall become of me.
Though all the Winds from their black corners rush,
Though Seas dash Clouds, old Rocks young Thunder crush,
Exempt from fear th' event we will attend,
And with big rays in Ports of Glory end.
If I must fall, I'll tumble with a Crown,
And grasp this Giant with me when I drown.

Lea. But, Royal Sir, can you your Friend forget ?
Can an abuse so vast, a wrong so great
Be offer'd, that your Vows you shou'd recall ?

Cæf. Smoak, vanish air——be they forgotten all.
No, dear *Marcellus*, you must not pardon me ;
A stroak ! a stab ! 'tis such an injury,
Were *Jove* in flesh and thunder'd with a blow,
I wou'd retort it like a God below.

Aras. E're ruine swallows you take one look more,
While yet you stand upon the beaten shore.

Lea. Yet e're you launch behold the rolling deep,
Where danger groans, and death it self does weep.

Cæf. Hence with thy Coward Counsels ! fly to Caves !

He

Ple climb these tow'ring dangers bark the waves:
 And as I ride to the kick'd Flouds Ple cry,
 Bear *Cæsar* with his Fathers fortune high,
 Why do ye ask me then, and vainly mourn?
 Can words move death, or Time carrying turn?
 Can human eloquence the Stars controul,
 Or when their doom has damn'd it, save a Soul?
 Pray to descendaing Storms, or mounting Fire;
 Them ye may weary, me ye shall not tire.
Araf. Since then no pray'rs can your wild fury tame,
 The way least dang'rous to Revenge we'll name;
 Though *Cæsar* from Heav'n's partial hand receive
 Immediate pow'r, finall vertue she did give.

Lea. When fierce Embassadors from *Parthia's* King
 Shew'd their huge Bows, and did long Arrows bring,
 He to their threats in scornful answer laugh'd;
 Yet this great Scoffer shrinks at *Cupid's* shaft:
 Still may his glutt'd hands more Empire have,
 So he continue Love's inglorious slave.

Cæf. What is his Mightiness by Beauty aw'd?
 Is this th' *Augustus* so renown'd abroad,
 The World's first man, and new created God;
 The bright *Narcissa* with her Spring of charms,
 'Tis true, has warm'd my heart half froze in Arms;
 Her melting language strook my Winter back,
 Loosn'd my Nerves, and made my heart-string slack:
 Yet were it possible that she could weep
 As long as I have practis'd toilsem War,
 She shou'd not in her Lap my Honour keep,
 Nor from its Trade my burning spirit bar.
 When Conquests call my Sword to fetch the prize,
 And I stand listning to a Ladies cries,
 Sighing to see the Roses pale—— O Heav'n!
 O glorious War! let me ne're be forgiven.

Araf. There is a Bower, the mystick seat of Love,
 Where death stands Centinel before the Grove;
 Guards ever waking at the threshold lye,
 And suffer none but *Cæsar* to pass by;
 There his loose heart does in full Pastures graze,
 And various Shes with awe upon him gaze.

Lea. Like Heav'n's proud King follow'd by Deities,
 The Tyrant walks with shinings through the Trees;
 His brow dilates, and his purs'd lips a while
 Forget their angry use, and gravely smile;
 To see officious Beauties charm his cares,
 Like Nights black locks all powdered o're with Stars.

Araf. There your revenge, if vengeance urge you still,
 May glut your appetite, and drink her fill;
 I have observ'd, and can your fury guide,
 To a slight-guarded Gate oth'r *Tiber* side,

Watch'd

Watch'd by some drowfie Slaves, not more than we,
Whom having kill'd, you may have passage free.

Cæs. Methinks already thou hast talk'd 'em dead,
And I am o're the fatal Barriers fled,
Like *Perseus* mounted on a Steed of Air,
Beating the Lifts to find the Monster there.

Lea. There you may take him swoln with drunken joy,
And the Crown'd Brute with a full stroak destroy.
Behold him sporting on spread *Memphian* spoils,
In Mantles wrap'd that breath rich od'rous oils,
Like a gay Snake basking in Sunny fields,
Embrac'd by her who ripest pleasure yields.

Cæs. Be gone, now instantly let's post away,
The black revenging minutes will not stay ;
As the half-god *Augean* Stables clear'd,
I'll purge these Gardens with his blood besinear'd.
Slow till the deed be done move the wing'd hours,
I'll do't, though Dragons guard the golden Bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The Bower of Gloriana.

SONG.

I.

A H the Charms of a Beauty disdainful and fair,
How she blasts all my Joys when she bids me despair :
Forgetting my State, when I sigh and lye down,
And cast at her feet both Scepter and Crown,
She passes regardless, and says a young Swain,
Before her old Monarch, her Love should obtain.

2.

Remember, Fair Nymph, my Grandfather Jove,
That rev'rend old God always made the best Love :
So fiercely he mov'd with a manner Divine,
That he melted his way, or blew up the Mine.
Your scorn of my Age therefore cease to pursue,
And think what a loving old Cæsar can do.

Augustus, Gloriana.

Aug. From golden weights, high cares, Imperial strife,
From Storms of State, and Hurricans of life,
To the green palace of the peaceful Grove
To *Gloriana's* Bower, the Throne of Love,
I come with all the violence of mind,
The philters of Court-witchcraft to unbind :
Thy heav'nly voice is sure the noblest Spell,
And thy eyes charms all Magick else excell.

Glor. Ye Authors of all sway, for what dark end
To one so frail did you such pow'r commend?
He reels on such excessive height, he stands
And drops his Scepter from his shaking hands.

Aug. No matter, *Gloriana*, let it be,
Who wou'd not leave a Diadem for thee?
Are not thy touches than all Scepters more?
Thy lips approach'd, where is the tast of pow'r?
Love is all tast, relish, and vital good,
Spirits it gives that o're life's channel brood,
And like Wine-sparks dance through the brimming blood. }
Each smile of thine drives from my age a day,
One balmy kiss wou'd take a year away;
But oh the rest wou'd give me Youth again,
Like an old Snake wou'd cause me cast my skin.
Slacken my sinues, make me swiftly move,
As *Mercury* descending from above, }
Boldly as *Mars*, and lustily as *Jove*.

Glor. Is this the man of such renown in Wars,
First upon Earth, and numbred with the Stars?
Wake from thy sleep of death, dread Father, wake,
Pompey arise, the reins of Empire take;
Down let this driver from his Throne be hurl'd,
Or place me on the brow of the steep World,
That Nations driv'n by me may thunder on,
And at my nod millions of Swords be drawn,
Brandish'd with flashing death by mighty men,
And when I give the word be sheath'd again.

Aug. They shall, they shall, ambitious lovely Maid!
Ple teach thee gentle arms the Warriour's trade,
Bind thy soft body fast with bands of Steel,
And double-darted death thy foes shall kill.
New arts that shall the old in Arms surprize,
To see thy Launce as fatal as thy eyes.
Caesar shall guard thee all the day in fight,
And compass thee about with lifted Shields,
So thou vouchsafe to dress those wounds at night
Which he receiv'd for thee in fighting Fields.

Glo. Much you depend upon Tyrannick pride,
Or think this breast incapable of scorn,
Or that I never heard you had a Bride,
Or you forget I am of *Pompey* born;
If this your guilty mind consider'd, how
Dare you approach me in my Brother's gore,
Off'ring worse horror with a brazen brow,
When your hot lust the Sister wou'd devour?

Aug. Talk not of that high blood from which you came,
Nor how your Brothers wrongs your scorn enflame;
Heav'n the young *Pompey*'s honours did disperse,
And now alone I sway the Universe:

Consider this, and with the Time comply.

Glo. I have consider'd, and resolve to dye.
Compleat your crimes, for what can I expect
From rage which through the heart of *Tully* pass,
Tully who did with God-like wit protect
Thy curst youth, to be betray'd at last.
Go on, thou black Usurper! stop more breath,
Encrease thy purples, fill thy Throne with death;
Still may new falshood add to former guilt,
And the dear blood of *Rome's* best Sons be spilt;
And may thy cruelties alone do more,
Than all the curs'd Triumvirate before.

Aug. Hold, Princess, hold! provoke me not too far,
None ever said thus much and liv'd; beware,
Thou'rt in my reach, no more my fetters shake,
My rage yet sleeps, which Lion like may wake.
My heart which as some stubborn fiery Steed,
Grew up unback'd, and did at random feed,
When Love approach'd like you, did not disdain
So fair a Rider, yielding to the rein,
Now gently moves, except his freedom's barr'd;
But if you spur him much, and curb him hard,
Angry to be so indiscreetly rode,
He springs and bounds beneath the mounted God.

Glo. If thy low fawning Love I scorn'd before,
I now disdain thy meane'd Fury more;
Death is the utmost that thy rage can do,
And that I'll ev'ry day provoke thee to.

Aug. Wilt thou? Ha! dar'st thou! sharp provoking Fair!
Once more let me intreat thee do not dare,
Dare like a foolish Fly, whose vexing wings
Urge the slow Flame to burn her as she sings.
Not as thy Slave before thee now I stand,
But as thy Lord, and one that will command;
As I am Master of the World, I'll be,
Sight of thy scorn, the Master too of thee.

Glo. Master oth' World! Indeed your Title's clear
When you amongst the *Syrian* Boys appear,
Contending as for Triumphs all the day,
To win their Nuts and Bounding-stones at play.
Such Conquests with such honourable pain
Who but the Master of the World cou'd gain?
Was it for this thou didst all Nations quell,
And by thy Arms the noble *Brutus* fell?
You the Earth's God? This your *Cæsarian* pride?
Fly, fly, thy shame from human knowledge hide;
To some By-path from all observance stray,
And far from Roads of Glory take your way.

Aug. Now Rider Love! my life on't down a' goes,
Look to't, I say, thy trembling knees keep close;

Close to my side like destiny now sit,
 Fixt in my heart-strings firmly plant thy feet,
 For in my Teeth I have got th' ungrateful bit.
 There, there, with that last heave I threw him down,
 And now I thank my Stars my hearts my own.
 Beauty, thou once m' enlightner bright and kind,
 For ever set, I'll scourge thee from my mind.
 Like day, nor shalt thou leave on streak behind:
 Thy lips, thy tongue, thy eyes have now no charms;
 My soul b' ambition wak'd to old alarms,
 Starts up and listens to the clank of Arms.

Glo. Without this circumstance my death ordain.

Aug. No, that wou'd be to put thee out of pain:
 As haughty Vertue's sharpest punishment,
 Thou shalt live still, but not live innocent.

Glo. Not innocent! I scorn thy impious breath,
 I'll open ten thousand doors to let in death.

Aug. Not one, I'll shut up all, and set strict guard,
 There's not a Wicket shall be left unbarr'd;
 No chink through which kind Fate may draw thy thread,
 Or Death with his least finger touch thee dead.

Glo. Still rack thy cruel heart and curst brain,
 Yet after all thy wish thou shalt not gain;
 Burst with thy malice, for I will not live,
 My life shall starve that honour may survive.

Aug. Nor that, for e're to morrow's Sun appear,
 Thy Virgin-pride shall vanish into air.
 Starve, *Gloriana*, in a Monarch's bed!
 By Heav'n thou shalt to surfeiting be fed.

Glo. Still perjur'd, since it shall not, cannot be
 So rich a purchase shou'd be reap'd by thee;
 For though I shou'd consent to have it sold,
 Thou couldst not buy, thou art so wretched old.

Aug. If bliss anon wou'd not less fiercely flow,
 By all my hopes I wou'd enjoy thee now:
 But more deliberate pleasure is decreed,
 I'll come by Moon-light which my flame shall feed,
 Like *Tarquin* pale resolv'd upon the deed.

O *Gloriana*! e're the Lark has sung
 Her morning Anthem, thou shalt say I'm young;
 Love through my life an equal pace has run,
 Swift near the Goal as where it first begun:
 I keep my course like the old Lord of Day,
 On my red cheeks the silver Tresses play,
 I shout and drive and never feel decay.

Glo. I thank thee, Heav'n, that thou dost me ordain
 For woes no other woman cou'd sustain.
 Woman! what man such Tempests cou'd outwear?
 Yet like a rock both Sea and Winds I'll dare.

[Exit.]

Enter

Enter Cæsario, driving in the Captain.

Cæs. So sturdy, Sir, you that wou'd take my Sword?
'Tis for you, there; now bear it to your Lord. *[The Captain falls.]*

Cæsar come forth, thou Female-god appear,
Not *Plangus* but *Cæsario* waits thee here,
The Son of *Julius*, and the wide World's heir;
Thou hear'st, but to approach me dost not dare.
In what dark covert are thy Glories laid,
Or do they sleep beneath some Laurel shade?
Rock'd on thy Mistress lap, whose knitting hands,
Lock up thy Captive cares in downy bands.

Wake, wake, by Heav'n my wrath thou shalt not shun,
Though thou beneath her Robes for shelter run.

Glo. What art that wander'st in this fatal Wood,
Whose thirsty Sword seeks for Majestick blood?
Was it a borrow'd Title, or true name
Thou didst assume, whose eyes quick rousing flame
Glow with Ambition, Pride, Revenge and Fame?

Cæs. Ha!— what I was you heard me speak but now;
I was I know not what, and am I know not how.

But speak and I'll consider what to say,
I've hunted hard, and now my hearts at Bay.

Glo. If you the Son of Divine *Julius* are,
How durst you in *Augustus* Court appear?
No breast but yours such rashness ever knew,
But to approach him here, and singly too,
Nought but distraction or despair would do.
'Tis certain death.

Cæs. That certain death is past,
And I upon the Blessed Shore am cast:
I track'd a Fiend I thought by Furies driv'n,
I sought for Hell, but stumbled upon Heav'n.
You are——

Glo. A woman.

Cæs. Angels shou'd speak true,
But sure so bright a flow'r on Earth ne'er grew:
Her lips, her cheeks must more than Roses be;
What Stars her eyes, what moving Majesty?
So sweet and so imperious too they move,
Sparkling with beauty, glitt'ring all with Love.

Enter Leander.

Lea. Hast, or the Emp'r'r will evade the toil;
He's almost out of sight, hast to the spoil.

Cæs. Not *Julia*'s such when all her gems she wears,
Nor sad *Narcissa* more adorn'd with tears;
Yield Beauties yield, or shun this dazzling eye,
Since those that stay will soon her Victims lye,
Like Autumn-leaves, turn yellow all and dye.

Glo. Just Heav'n does sure this God-like man provide,
To bear me from the Tyrants lust and pride.

Beauty, if thou didst ever, aid me now,
That I may make this haughty gazer bow,
This heav'nly Youth ; Oh force him to adore,
To love me only, I'll ne're ask thee more.

Cef. Why beats my heart as I had poison ta'en ?
What means my burning breast and giddy brain ?
Swift thrilling cold with panick terror flies,
And an unusual thaw dissolves my eyes ;
If Love thou art, I will not take the wound,
My Armour shall thy pointed darts confound ;
I'll draw 'em, if they cannot be withstood,
Though to the Feathers drinking in my blood ;
Then shake 'em at her eyes with fix'd disdain,
And hurl 'em to thy Godhead back again.

Enter Araspes.

Araf. Your vengeance must another season take.

Cef. Love is low play, which Warriours shou'd forsake ; }
Yet what a stir does this blind Gamester make ?
He makes my heart rebound about my breast,
And laughs to see me tire, and cries no rest ;
From side to side strikes the tormented Ball,
And with each stroke he dints the very wall.

Glo. If you in Fields have purchas'd high renown, }
Have with persisting Vertue wonders done,
And Wreaths rewards of toiling Valour won ;
Now in a Princess quarrel lift your Sword,
Fate never did a nobler cause afford.
By all the mighty Battles you have fought,
By all the Trophies you with blood have bought,
A Royal suit ring Virgins wrongs redress,
And kill the Giant vice that wou'd oppress.

Cef. I meet the summons swift, and snatch the joy, }
Kindling at death, and panting to destroy ;
Another Sword like mine you'll ne're employ.
War was my Mistress, and I lov'd her long ;
She lov'd my Musick, shoutings were my Song,
And clashing Arms that echo'd through the Plain,
Neighings of Horses, groans of dying men ;
Notes which the Trump and hoarser Drum affords,
And dying sounds rising from falls of Swords.
Command dispatch, and bid your Lightning fly,
I'll flash, I'll kill, I'll conquer in your eye, }
And after all here yield my breath and dye.

——— O cou'd you love !

Glo. Let Love be mention'd last,
But first to free me hence you shou'd forecast.

Cef. By all my Love you are already past :
You are, O Heav'n ! wherever you wou'd be,
And I am with you all o're extasie.

High walls and Tow'rs are levell'd where you go;
You tread on pants, and sighs about you blow,
And hearts in their own bleedings round you flow.

Aruf. If you wou'd bear her safe, haft Sir away.

Lea. The minute's critical and will not ftay.

Cef. Move on, and bravely let us meet our dooms,
But give me warning e're the Tyrant comes;
Ple follow slowly, and while Love is by,
The fwifteft deaths and ruſhing fates dehe.

Glo. In all your acts ſuch God-like manners ſhine,
I doubt not but your Parents are Divine;
Therefore to match you with a ſtock of fame,
Know from a race as high as yours I came,
Pompey the Great, and fair *Cornelia* gave
The life which you ſo gen'rouſly wou'd ſave.

Cef. Ha! now I find the cauſe I ne'er cou'd love;
Long, long ago our hearts were pair'd above;
And my ambition join'd with deſtiny,
Oft times ſuggeſting it cou'd never be,
That *Cæſar's* Son who all the World had aw'd,
Shou'd wed beneath the daughter of a God.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCENE, *The Palace of Marcellus.*

Marcellus with his Sword drawn againſt Julia.

Mar. **B**Y Heav'n I'll bear no more, 'tis publick now,
Diſgrace ſo bold is grav'd upon thy brow,
That e'en old age, whoſe eyes are ſeldom clear,
Dim with death's miſt, can read thy falſhood there:
All *Rome* with thy proclaim'd diſhonour rings,
And ev'ry Infant *Julia's* lewdneſs ſings.
What can thy crimes expect from my juſt rage?

Ful. Death, let my blood your violent wrath aſſuage;
'Tis better we ſhou'd both for ever ſleep
In calms, then wake in ſtorms, and always weep.

Mar. Weep! If the Ocean from thy eyes were ſpilt,
The Ocean cou'd not waſh away thy guilt.
Nor think that when thy Beauties ſhall be laid
In Earth, thy peace is then for ever made;
No, faithleſs Fair! ſtill ſhalt thou haunted be,
And a long row of pale Adulterers ſee,
And me at laſt purſuing them and thee.

Ful. Not haunting Furies there can rack me more,
Than Jealouſies on earth that louder roar;
Though I ſhou'd make account for ev'ry thought,
While falſe relations are by Traytors wrought,

And

And you believe those most that most abuse,
 'Twere vain for me my honour to excuse.

Mar. How well your pride an innocence can feign?
 Excuse your honour! That indeed's most vain;
 Thy purpose vain as thy past actions foul,
 Vain all thy thoughts which with wild fancies roul,
 And one immortal Vanity's thy soul.

Jul. I cannot stay to hear your vain debate.

Mar. Pass not this way, 'tis guarded with thy fate.

Jul. Strike then, and free me from a world of cares,
 Better dye once then always live in fears:
 Loud clamours all the day my peace molest,
 With perjur'd, false, I hate, renounce, detest;
 Still am I wak'd by day with these alarms:
 At night you start, and throw me from your arms.
 Last night your head upon my breast repos'd,
 Just as sweet balmy sleep my eyes had clos'd,
 Hearing me sigh, you cry'd aloud, By Heav'n
 Those sighs are to your dear lov'd *Ovid* giv'n;
 But I will conjure him from *Pontus* back,
 And his curs'd life by thousand torments take.

Mar. O *Julia*, is there not a cause for this?
 Thou sayst I rob thy days and nights of peace,
 Hast thou not robb'd my life of all its bliss?
 Heav'n witness what I am, and what have been;
 What thou hast done, how gloried in thy sin,
 How triumph'd in thy ills —

Jul. What I have done
 Shall to no mortal, not to you be known.

Mar. Ple know.

Jul. Ye shall not.

Mar. With this sure I shall;
 I'll open ev'ry vein and know thee all.

Jul. Strike—— to thy vengeance summon all the lies
 Which false *Tiberius* malice cou'd devise.

Mar. I've summon'd all he told with loyal breath,
 And all those truths doom thee to sudden death.

Jul. Why then dost thou not strike, revenging Lord!
 Behold my breast prepar'd to meet thy Sword;
 Thy cruel kindness thus it shall approve,
 Naked to Anger, as it was to Love.
 Why shrinks thy arm as if it fear'd to wound,
 And drops thy coward weapon to the ground?

Mar. I know thee false, yet have no power to harm;
 Fierce passion my arm'd vengeance does disarm:
 Beauty which through thy vice I cou'd not spy,
 Did like a dang'rous foe in Ambush lye.
 Here, *Julia*, execute thy bloody will,
 I know thy purpose is at last to kill.

Be but thus kind life freely I resign ;
Thou'rt born to break all hearts, and must break mine.

Jul. No, my *Marcellus*, trust me from this hour
You shall be ever my Lord Conquerour ;
Thou ever wert the dearest of mankind,
But now my heart is to thy looks confin'd.
By all our Loves you never were betray'd,
Henceforth be absolute, my breast invade,
There like a gentle Monarch thou shalt sway,
And I with gentler mind thy Laws obey.

Mar. Prove but thy heart as heav'nly as thy tongue,
Be but thus good, and I had never wrong.

*Enter Cæsar bloody, leading Gloriana veil'd,
follow'd by Leander, Araspes.*

Mar. My noble brother ! what can friendship say
Which from my arms absented half a day ?
Together still in Battel we did ride,
Nor cou'd united Troops the link divide ;
Shall Peace dis-joyn what was not broke by War,
And Crowds in Courts do more than Armies there ?

Cæs. Now I shall try the friendship which you boast,
If now not found, let it be ever lost.
This Beauty with some blood and danger bought,
(Great deeds for Beauty by young blood are wrought)
I from the den of an old Beast of prey
Snatch'd, while abroad he did for forage stray.
By this he is return'd, and finds her gone ;
By this the Groves resound, and Forests groan.

Mar. Thus in your cause advancing thus I'll face
A band of Blood-hound Furies in their chase.

Cæs. First let us lodge where they shall never find
The Hart whose death those Hunters have design'd ;
Then with Relays each to his station go,
And bravely fall upon the Savage foe :
Our Bugle breath shall wind Recheats, and tell
'Tis not the Deers, but the rouz'd Hunter's knell.

Jul. While you that Vertue might not be undone
Lok'd fierce, methought my brows too catch'd a frown ;
I burn'd and grew ambitions to be one.
Whoe're she be, as sure she is most fair,
For whom the sounds of fame so busie are,
I promise her a covert where she shall,
Safe as in clouds, look down upon 'em all.

Cæs. O bounty which my blood can never pay !
I wou'd do all, yet I must something say ;
What Hell-born envy, curs'd Infernal spight,
So us'd to darknefs that it hates the light,
Shall dare though silence she with pain endures,
Traduce a Vertue so renown'd as yours ?
By Heav'n I swear, and by this faithful Steel,

So deep in Beautie's cong'ring quarrel dy'd,
 I stand your Champion to your cause ally'd,
 To damn those Slaves that have your fame bely'd.

Enter Narcissa running.

Nar. Fly, fly, you're lost, the Empire's overthrown!
 Fly *Plangus*, fly Sir, murder'd *Cesar's* Son!
 Not stir! By all my fears, most cruel Prince,
 Thou shalt not stay and dye, I'll drag thee hence.
 The Captain whom your valour left for dead,
 Heard your discourse, and has relation made.
 All's out, thou art betray'd, O Heav'n! undone,
 What shall I say? thy name, thy birth is known;
 Destruction gallops to thy murder Post,
 And *Cesar* looks as if the World were lost.

Ces. Though driv'n by whirlwinds he shou'd roul like fire,
 I wou'd not from this Earth one inch retire;
 Let destiny about my death consult,
 All thoughts of safety from my side revolt,
 I'll stand him though he were a Thunderbolt.

Nar. Perhaps my pray'rs and low submission may
 Divert his wrath, or his revenge delay.

Jul. With yours my mingled tears and sighs shall joyn,
 He may resist yours, but he shall not mine.

Nar. But if inflexibly he will deny,
 Together let us all resolve to dye.

Glo. Since this secures my honour, can I fear?
 Not Martyrs with more joy their summons hear.
 Methinks I long in those dark walks to tread,
 And wrap my self about with honour'd Lead,
 Where all the Worthies of the Earth lye dead.
 Nor shall my Spirit in that pond'rous Case
 Be kept, but shoot as rays through Chrystal pass;
 Through doors of death, with Mountains pil'd on Rocks,
 With thousand Bars, and with ten thousand Locks,
 Like Lightning she shall cut her sacred way
 Through all, and rise to everlasting day.

Nar. What Spirit's this more fierce than boldest men,
 That with such haughtiness does life disdain?

Ces. O death! thou ever dry bloud-thirsty Slave,
 All! Hell-hound, all art thou resolv'd to have?
 But taste my heart, 'tis Royal, rich and good,
 Each drop's more worth than Tuns of Vulgar blood.
 Cannot th' exhausted shore for once suffice;
 I'll make it up with Rivers from their eyes;
 Tears will not make him drunk, the Slave replies.

Glo. Can this be true, *Cesar*, dost thou droop?
 Dost thou at last beneath death's burden stoop?
 Is this the Hero, this the God-like man
 Whose rage the stout *Iberians* over-ran?
 That me redeem'd this day from rav'nous pow'r,

And from the pounces of the Vulture tore?

Cæs. O *Gloriana*! with confusion I
 Confess 'tis now a dreadful thing to dye:
 Your fatal purpose does to pieces tear
 That courage which all dangers else can dare.
 O live, retire, and those blest Beauties hide,
 Far from the reach of *Cæsar*'s cruel pride;
 Then I shall easily death's yoke put on,
 And calm as those that fall asleep lye down.

Glo. Cæsario, No, unjust is thy request, [puts up her veil, Narcissa observes her.]
 Why should I wake when thou art gone to rest?
 And since I love thee, which I now may own,
 The fastest secrets are by death undone,
 What will life signify when thou art gone?
 Grant that I 'scape the Tyrant's rage, and fly
 To some strange Land, and leave you here to dye,
 Shall I survive to blot thee from my mind?
 Forget thee? Or to one less brave be kind?
 Is this thy wish? or wouldst thou I should live,
 And thy eternal loss for ever grieve?

Cæs. Live, dye, be free, or yield your self again,
 I will no more of you, but Heav'n complain;
 Heav'n that can see such Vertue in distress,
 And with exceeding power a Tyrant bless,
 Heav'n that could smile when noblest *Romans* fell,
 As if enormous cruelties were well;
 Heav'n that allows this Parricide a name
 As great and good as the first Sons of Fame.

Nar. Love sparkles through her shade:
 His eyes to her, and hers to him are mov'd,
 She loves, she loves and is again belov'd;
 She sighs and weeps, and rous her subtle eyes,
 And all the charms of knowing beauty tries:
 She looks as if her very eyes wou'd speak,
 As if (ah wou'd it might) her heart wou'd break.
 But *Cæsar* comes, some other time I'll take
 To tell my wrongs, his life is now at stake.

Enter Augustus, Captain, Agrippa, Mecænas, Guards.

Capt. Hither I follow'd 'em with cautious view.

Aug. Mecænas, let him have the Talents due.

Lo where the Ravisher undaunted stands,
 As if encompass'd with a thousand Bands;
 Bold as *Briareus* warring in Heav'n's Field,
 When fifty flaming Swords his arms did weild,
 And fifty Shields expos'd to thunder held.
 O my *Agrippa*! should I view him long,
 I should forget, forgive the mighty wrong;
 In that Majestick glance, and fiery ayre,
 Methinks our awful Father does appear.

Ag. Something less fierce his visage does renew,
Such beams from beauteous *Cleopatra* flew,
When fighting Kings to *Aegypt's* Court she drew.

Ces. Yes, my renown'd extraction I declare,
I am by birth what you adopted are,
The King of Kings, and the World's lawful Heir.

Aug. Such you were nam'd by *Anthony* indeed,
But the great *Cesar* ortherwise decreed.

Ces. What he intended who but Heaven can tell?
Scarce seated from th' Imperial Throne he fell:
He stood on *Atlas* shoulders unafraid
Some minutes, and the trampled Globe survey'd;
Fill'd with vast business, and with thoughts profound,
He had no leisure for a prospect round,
For e're to *Aegypt's* Queen he could be just,
That head which Stars encompass'd, kiss'd the dust.

Aug. Yet to make void whatever you can say,
And dash your boldest hopes that fly at sway,
By his last Will, which was to *Romans* shewn,
I was ordain'd to mount and fill his Throne,
To scourge the World, and awe mankind alone.

Ces. I no Imperial Herald am, to find
The source of pow'r, nor how its riv'lets wind;
Yet this I know, your latter boast was vain,
Cesar had ne're adopted you to reign,
Had he known me, who from the womb was past,
And first saw light when he beheld it last.

Aug. When conqu'ring *Cesar Pompey* did pursue,
And in his cause the *Memphian* Tyrant slew,
He bought your Mothers love with *Aegypt's* Crown,
And with her at a Kingdoms price lay down.
But having surfeited with Beauties joys,
For Beauty much possess'd extremely cloy,
Scar'd with his shame he wak'd to Wars alarms,
He left her pregnant, and he rush'd to Arms.
Twas God-like, and he imitated *Jove*,
Who with excessive thundring tir'd above,
Comes down for ease, enjoys a Nymph, and then
Mounts dreadful, and to thundring goes again.

Ces. Talkit thou of her basely that gave me birth,
The most illustrious Empress of the earth,
Whose smiles Kings did with adorations crave?
By Heav'n she wou'd have scorn'd thee for her Slave.
Name not thy humbler blood, nor let it be
Compar'd to mine, no more than I to thee;
Who am to thee, nor will I me commend,
A God all o're, and thou all o're a Fiend.

Aug. You speak, *Cesar*, with as little dread,
As if you were at some vast Armie's head;
Were it not that I rev'rence *Cesar's* blood,

Thus long you had not disrespectful stood.

Cæs. O counterfeit! O Crocodile of Pow'r!

Not woman e're dissembled thus before.

Thou reverence *Cæsar's* blood——

Thou who didst never ought that's generous do,

Who never didst forgive a noble foe,

Me wouldst thou make believe thou canst be kind?

I know th' hypocrisie, thy dev'lish mind,

Which holds thy Angel-colours high to shew,

But art all ruine, blood and Hell below.

Aug. Who e're was thus provok'd and cou'd forbear?

Be witness all, himself he will not spare.

Cæs. No, Tyrant, no, I will in pulick dye,

And once at least expose thy cruelty;

The murders which thou hitherto hast done

Were acted close, their Authors rarely known;

But I will perish in the veiw of all,

And to my last gasp Tyrant, Tyrant call.

Aug. Pardon me, Father, and just rage forgive,

I offer life which he cannot receive,

He's so Heroick that he will not live.

'Tis his desire, and for this one last hour

I have decreed he shall be Empercur;

His Majestie's resolv'd, you heard him say,

Guards go and his Imperial will obey.

Cæs. Let 'em come on, 'tis sport that I have try'd

In hundred Battles, thousand deaths defy'd,

And now in all their horrors can deride.

(*As the Guards prepare to fall on, Marcellus draws.*)

Mar. Restrain your fury, barb'rous men! take heed,

By *Cæsar* he that goes not back shall bleed.

Aug. What now? *Marcellus*! Darst thou Traytor draw

Thy Sword against thy Father? where's the awe,

The Majesty this face was wont to bear?

Mar. Twere Cowardice in such a cause to fear:

No, *Cæsar*, either grant my Friend his life,

Or see me perish in the noble strife.

Aug. Do, perish, dye; is't possible that thou

Shouldst call him Friend, who is thy Father's Foe?

He who thy only Rival is in power,

Dost thou not know he wou'd thy life devour?

Who Serpent-like does to thy bosom spring,

And with wam foldings does about thee cling,

Watching his time when he may shew his sting.

Cæs. This such a baseness is, so black a guilt,

As all the Seas of bloud which thou hast spilt;

With all thy clouds of Lusts can't parrallel;

Thou dost in falshood now thy self excel:

But shou'd *Marcellus* harbour such a thought,

I am to something worse than ruine brought.

Mar. Tax not my loyalty, you are too just
The firmness of my Friendship to mistrust;
I am all yours, and you stand here as fair
And fast as e're you stood in shining War;
As I have seen you in bright Steel sustain
The shock of Troops that made assaults in vain.

Aug. Ungrateful wretch! unworthy of a Throne!
By Heav'n I will adopt another Son:

Canst thou thy right to Kingdoms give away,
Thy self and him who rais'd thee thus betray?
Forget what sweating pains, what bloody toils
We bore, adorn'd our Arms with Nations spoils;
Yet with our utmost reach scarce grasp'd a Crown,
Glory than Empire is much easier won:
Empire's like Heav'n, which who wou'd bravely win,
Must Giant-like with high assault begin;
Heap Hills on Mountains, Project add to Plot,
Till huge foundation for the work be wrought:
And as he climbs, at Stars that cross him frown,
And tear 'em fast as petty Princes down.
Thus through all opposition must he pass
Ore walls of Chrystal, battlements of Brass,
Till Majesty cries out, This, This alone
Is he who Heav'n becomes, and sits a Throne.

Ces. Thou talkst of cruelty, of blood and toil,
Yet having hunted me into the toils,
My Lion rage with words far off you brave,
But come not nigh for fear you find a Grave.

Aug. Disarm *Marcellus*, and *Cesar* slay;
Kill him, hast, kill him without more delay.

(*Julia and Narcissa interpose and kneel.*)

Ful. Hold, Father.

Nar. Hold.

Ful. Let me your wrath atone.

Nar. O hear the Sister of your once lov'd Son.

Ful. Your daughter hear.

Nar. As you are great be good.

Ful. And hear the voice of your own crying blood.

Aug. Treason! Conspiracy! they have combin'd
With knit disloyalty to break my mind,
To waste my spirits, and to bow my will;
Yet like an old tough Oak I'll hold out still:
Spight of the sighs that blow, and show'rs that weep,
My soul to death shall her vow'd purpose keep.
Speak, break your hearts, the Gulls of grief I'll tire,
Like hammer'd Anvil I'll more blow require,
That at each stroke my eyes may scatter fire.

Nar. By all the God-like honours you have won.

Ful. By all the Nations that you have undone.

Nar. Stop here, the tempest of your fury lay,

Do not the Earth with lasting storms dismay.

Jul. Or to your rousing Thunder give a check,
Or let the cloud upon your daughter break.

Aug. Yes, Vipers! yes, by *Jupiter* it shall!

Ple lighten, thunder, and consume ye all.

Kill 'em, Guards, kill my Neece, my Daughter, Son;

'Tis glorious death they seek, hast, push 'em on.

Ha! Villains—— Traytors, dare ye thus give back?

My self in my own cause Revenge will take.

[*Agrippa and Mecænas hold him.*]

Though blood's below an Emperour to spill,

Ple first disarm 'em, and then you shall kill.

[*Strives to get from Agrippa.*]

Thus an old Lion struggles with his prey,

Which when all torn his flaming eyes survey,

The Royal Savage scorns the easie prize,

And calls his young ones forth with dreadful cries;

He gathers round him all the cruel brood,

Thus calls 'em on, and fleshes 'em in blood.

[*Breaks from their arms, Gloriana unveils and meets him.*]

Glo. Augustus, hold, and *Cæsar's* Son retire,

'Tis just that I for all shou'd once expire;

Cæsario but for me you ne're had known,

Who sav'd my life by hazarding his own.

Because *Cæsario* has my honour freed,

Your doom has sentenc'd him and these to bleed:

Which to avoid, and set all right again,

Cæsar, I yield to wear my former chain.

Cæs. Ah cruel Princess! what, what have you don?

And whither wou'd you from *Cæsario* run?

All's lost for which I thought life worth regard;

You have your self transferr'd that dear reward

Which I with thousand dangers wou'd have bought,

You have your self my sharpest torments wrought.

Death I cou'd meet in its most hideous forms,

In brazen Bulls, in racks, wheels, fires, and storms,

But cannot see you his—— Here, Tyrant, take (*renders his Sword.*)

A life that does its own disquiets make.

To her vexation, terror 'tis to thee,

But of all torments 'tis the worst to me.

Aug. I take thy Sword, and when I think it fit,

Thy soul her melancholy house shall quit.

Glor. By all Heroick proofs of your high fame,

When yours I cease to be, I nothing am:

Conceal'd exalted projects fill my mind,

I had not else to *Cæsar* thus resign'd

What is all yours.

Cæs. By Heav'n you are all his,

Already he is hastning to his bliss.

How to your self unkind, to me unjust,

That wou'd to one so known a Tyrant trust?
 I see his eyes red with Triumphant lust.
 I see him from your sacred body tear
 The scatter'd Robes in your dishevel'd hair;
 I see his bloody hand, I hear his tongue
 Cry Yield, and now I see you thrown along;
 Hands tir'd, speech lost, no Rhet'rick now appears,
 But speaking sighs, and more perswading tears:
 Now grasping thee my fancy shews him nigher,
 Pale as thy cheeks, and shaking with desire,
 I see him on thy vanquish'd honour tread,
 I see the Rape, and with the sight am dead.

Aug. Death!—Ple endure no more, hast, lead her hence;
 And Guards, upon your lives secure the Prince.
 How darst thou gaze thus now thy doom is past?

Ces. I'll look my soul out.

Aug. Do, this look's thy last.

To rack thee more, thou shalt look once again,
 And pass by Heav'n to Hell; 'tis witty pain,
 And worthy of a King's revengeful brain.
 As obscene Birds snatch the remains of light,
 Rise late in Summer-Eves, and set in Night;
 So like a Bat thou shalt her eyes survey,
 Then in death's deepest darkness dive away.

(*He goes out, follow'd by Marcellus, Julia, Narcissa,
 who seem to intreat him; Guards stay.*)

Ces. O Gloriana!

Glor. O Cesario!

Ces. Cease;

Let's seal our lips with everlasting peace:
 Griefs so unutterable who can speak?

Glor. Have we hearts still?

Ces. Grant Heav'n that mine may break.

Glor. Cesario, we must part.

Ces. Gods! she's in haste,

The time the Tyrant gave she wishes past.

Glor. Cesar's commands will instantly be sent,
 'Tis better to divide than to be rent.

How much I love——

Ces. That I wou'd dying hear,
 And to the shades the sweet expression bear.

Glor. Why shou'd you wish what cannot be express,
 But guess my Flame by that which warms your Breast?

Love's magnitude is harder to declare,

Than 'tis to tell the bigness of a Star.

This I can say, if that can Passion shew,

With you I had rather to a Cottage go,

Than with *Augustus* live and wear a Crown;

'Tis death to part—— and yet I must be gone.

This though I know, I cannot but look back,
 And sigh Adieus, and thousand Farewells take.

I linger after you, and with your sight,
Like Birds that languish for the morning light:
Like Babes unkindly wean'd, that take no rest,
But bath'd in tears lye pining for the breast;
I seek your heart, and when I find it gone,
I weep and sigh as I wou'd break my own.

Cæs. 'Tis Love, 'tis Love the great dear extasie,
And I with Raptures find you equal me.
O that such Loves should have so quick a doom!
Like lives of Lillies, blasted in their bloom:
Yet we'll appear in this last minute strong,
And talk as if our joys shou'd flourish long:
We, like protesting Swains, will plight our faith,
And wish that when we break, our perjur'd breach
May streight be stop't by the cold hand of death.

Glor. If not to death my passion I preserve,
And all the Love which you can give deserve,
Though from their seats the Rival Gods came down,
And each shou'd wooe me with a Starry Crown;
Though the fine Sun, or finer God of Love,
Shou'd swear they priz'd me more than joys above;
Yet if to them in all the beams they wear,
I did not thee in humble weeds prefer,
May Lions bolting from the nearest Wood;
Quench their hot thirst in *Gloriana's* blood.

Cæs. If thou more fair than the red mornings dawn,
Sweeter than Pearley dews that scent the lawn;
Than blue-ey'd Violets, or the damask Rose,
When in her hottest fragrancy she glows,
And the cool West her wasted odour blows;
If thou art not the darling of my soul,
May Mountains big with curses on me roul.

Glor. On me may Lightnings fall, and Mildews rain,
And may I dye at last of Mother's pain.

Cæs. May *Jove* show'r all his Thunders on my head,
And may I be despis'd when I am dead;
Then as I lye all pale upon the ground,
May ev'ry Virgin give my breast a wound;
May no eye pity me, nor heart deplore
That faithless wretch who his first Love forswore.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T. V. SCENE, *The Imperial Chamber.*
Augustus, Narcissa.

Aug. **W**Hat? shall I never rest till I am dead?
Nar. I'll wake you in your everlasting bed;
I'll banish silence from your ears, your eyes
Affright with forms of ghastly miseries:
Yet hear me.

Aug. Thou shalt be a Monarch's wife,
Ask me no more to spare *Casario's* life,
A vagabond thou shouldst disdain to own,
I swear Ple match thee to a Prince; be gone.

Nar. A Prince! what Prince, what King, what God can be }
Equal to him, to my Divinity?
He is a Prince, a King, a God to me;
My heart's first, last, chief, dearest, only joy;
Can you hear this, yet purpose to destroy?
O Iron heart?

Aug. Yet you can make it run;
Soft fool, be gone: by Heav'n she melts me down.

Nar. My milkie infancy why did you grace, }
And flatter so while you did me embrace?
And swear this was the prettiest charming face;
Is there no sweetness left, no grace to move?
Am I grown old? have I quite lost your love?
No kind remains? all promises forgot?

Aug. They are, they are, and I will pay thee nought.
I'm call'd to high affairs and must not stay,
Go to your Garden-huswifry, away.

Nar. 'Tis well indeed you can remember that;
Oft times as I on beds of Violets sat,
You on my knees plac'd your Majestick head, }
While on your Crown my Infant-fingers plaid,
And all your Silver hairs in order laid;
And then you smil'd and promis'd, nay you swore }
Whatever I cou'd ask of bounteous pow'r,
It shou'd be granted: This you needs must know,
And Heav'n that heard you sure will angry grow, }
And will revenge, if you deny me now.

Aug. *Augustus* cannot with *Casario* stand:
Asking his life, thou dost my death demand.
Two *Casars* the rent World will ne're obey, }
As well two Rival Suns might drive the day,
Or *Jove* a partner brook in heav'nly sway.

Nar. Poor Prince, you wrong him; he an Emperour!
Alas he never meant to share your pow'r;
Spare but his life, and he with me shall dwell,
In Groves which all your Palaces excel;
Where Heav'n and Earth their choicest wealth bestow,
Where no such weeds as Pride or Envy grow.
We'll mock the arts of Courts, and harms of State, }
Where those are highest that wade deep in fate,
Like Giants very cruel, very great.

Aug. Well, leave me, I'll consider what to do,
Casario lives, and owes his life to you.

Nar. Live! shall he live! O Heav'ns! pronounce it plain;
Speak, Let him live, distinctly once again,
That I may dye upon the ravish'd sound,
And with my last breath eccho, Live around.

But you perhaps your mystick mind unfold
In Riddling terms, like Oracles of old ;
And I unknowing innocence may take
Your purpose wrong, and some gross error make.
Dear dreadful Sir, let me this grace receive,
Shall he without equivocation live ?

[kneels.

Enter Gloriana.

Aug. Rise, dear *Narcissa*, rise, haste and retire,
I yield, I grant whatever you require.

Nar. This is my hated Rival, e're I go
Ple watch and what she acts with *Cæsar* know.

Aug. Ambition's poison which the Spirits burn,
And all the blood to liquid Sulphur turn ;
The toil of War when action makes us sweat,
Scorch'd with our sultry Arms redoubled heat ;
Plagues, Surfeits, Feavers, the great harms of Peace,
Contracted by excessive idleness,
Are Dew-drops to the brands, the glowing fire
You kindle here, and with your breath inspire.

Glor. My tears shall quench the flame.

Aug. You may as well
Put out the Sun, or quench the fires of Hell.
I thought you set for ever, but you rise
More glorious, more tormenting to my eyes.

Glor. Of furious passion why shou'd you complain
To me ? Am I the author of your pain ?
Or can I help what you ordain shall be ?
You raise the storms, and cast 'em upon me.
The works of Beauty, like it self, are fair ;
I beg for Peace, 'tis you that thunder War :
Like *March* Tryannick rage black Tempests pours,
But I like *April* am all Sun and show'rs.

Aug. 'Tis true, continu'd storms my peace molest,
And like old Ocean I can never rest ;
About my head many State-Tempests sing,
And rapid troubles the rais'd billows wing :
Yet Beautie's influence, like the Moon's below,
Is cause of passions constant ebb and flow.
But 'tis at length by me resolv'd, I will
For the Worlds quiet, and my own, be still :
You like the Queen of Love, wafted in calms,
Distilling cordial sweets and healing balms,
Shall lull my stormy cares, and rock my head,
On the soft pillows of thy bosom laid.

Glor. Shall then *Cæsario* live ?

Aug. He shall, he must,
'Tis indisputable, be thou but just :
With kindness my unwearied love regard,
And give my services their due reward.

Glor. Let him but live, and that reward may come.

Aug. Live! he shall live beyond the day of doom,

Consent, yield, bow thy beauties to my will : —
 Wouldst thou have blood ? Thou shalt whole Nations spill ;
 Or if t' oblige the World you'd breath bestow,
Casario's life will be too little ; no,
 His immortality can ne're suffice,
 Speak but the word, the dead, the dead shall rise ;
 Heroes that dy'd a thousand years ago,
 Shall burst death's Adamantine Gates below,
 Though *Pluto* shou'd himself the Porter stand ;
 And rush amaz'd to light at thy command.

Glor. 'Tis fit that none beneath an Emp'rour shou'd
 Mingle with *Pompey's* high extracted blood ;
 We know *Casario's* young, and charming fierce,
 But 'tis *Augustus* rules the Universe :
 Yet since *Casario* durst attempt so well,
 Why let him live, but in strange Countries dwell,
 And not presume to shew his follies here,
 He dies if he again in *Rome* appear.

Aug. My passion drinks your eyes refreshing streams ;
 Catches your breath, and hovers o're the steams ;
 I reel, my joy's so sprightly fierce refin'd,
 Yes, Madam, Love's the drunkeness o'th' mind :
 Men rais'd with Wine equal with Monarchs move,
 But Kings are Gods when extasi'd by Love.

Glor. With equal passion I your raptures greet,
 With as fierce fires your hottest burnings meet ;
 Fierce as *Thalesfris Alexander* fought,
 But with such Arms as no destruction wrought :
 I'll rush upon you with a Heav'n of Charms,
 And make you buckle when you're out of Arms.

Aug. O thou art all the sweetness of the earth,
 Thou mak'st me young, nay giv'st me a new birth ;
 And dost such Virgin-thoughts to me restore,
 As if I ne're had known delights before.

Narcissa meets 'em going out.

Nar. Stay, *Cesar*, stay, thou man of mighty ill,
 Hear me, and all the stings of Horror feel ;
 If you persist, go on in this dark way,
 May you arrive at Hell ; may never day,
 Nor Glory which did once your breast enflame,
 Gild your achievements, nor adorn your name :
 May you be hurl'd from the high Helm of State,
 And seem more vile than ever you were great.

Aug. This seed of fire, lest it shou'd spread about,
 I will discreetly in its growth put out :
 She shall a Pris'n'r be, take her away.

Nar. Bind me in dungeons, yet I will not stay
 To publish thy disgrace I'll shoot through pores,
 I'll pierce, I'll fly, I'll burst the prison doors ;
 This seed of fire shall get ten thousand fears,
 And set the World on blaze about your ears,

Aug. No, to the Vestals you shall go, and there,
Since you're so hot, the Sacred fires repair;
While you have any breath there reek your spight;
This frantick zeal will make 'em burn more bright.

Glor. Though highly born, yet educated low,
Distance, degrees, and forms she cannot know;
She like a Shepherdess by Princes lov'd,
Is dazl'd with the height to which she's mov'd.
Though bold to madness, pardon her for me;
Excuse her ignorance, and leave her free.

Nar. At thy request! disdainful as you are,
Offending, false, and most destructive Fair,
Rather than with thy pray'rs I'll freedom buy;
Dark as thy soul I will in dungeons lye.
By philters, witchcraft, and Infernal art,
'Tis true that thou hast stoln *Cæsario's* heart;
Thou like a cruel Fairy didst convey
That dear below'd, that darling heart away,
And in its room a cold dead Figure lay.

[weeping.]

But I will be reveng'd, to pieces tear
Those borrow'd eyes, and that enchanted hair;
Pull off thy pride, disrobe thy gorgeous pow'r,
And strip'd of those, shew thee a Witch all o're.

Aug. Away to some dark room let her be had,
For either you and I, or she is mad.

Nar. Yes, go devour your selves with eager lust,
Gnash with the pangs of passion, grind to dust;
Joyn'd with dishonour infamously one,
So may ye to the blushing world be shewn:
As once the grim lascivious God of War,
Caught by the jealous Husband's watchful care,
Kissing Love's melting Empress, was betray'd,
Ridiculous to all high Rulers made,
May thy Gold Scepter wither in her hand,
Still be a Slave, and still may she command.

[Exit.]

Glor. Cæsar is mov'd, in his confid'rate eye
I read remorse, and warring passions spy;
With stronger charms 'tis just I draw him on,
Lest the revenging deed be left undone.

Aug. No, I'll not go to bed, nor taste the joy,
The lovely poison whose sad sweets destroy;
Neither in Bed nor Throne I'll be her Slave,
That Nest of pleasure, but my Honour's Grave:
Here like *Pigmalion's* Image will I stand,
But never to be warm'd by any hand.

Glor. What sudden horror's this that clouds your eyes,
Like damps which from some vault's foul bottom rise?
Smoth'ring the chearful lights that shone e're while,
It turns to mortal frowns your ev'ry smile:
The breath of any man can warm, or chill,
But yours alone can make alive, or kill.

Aug.

Aug. Of late so coy, and now so forward grown :
 The mysteries of Love I have not known,
 Nor can I this dark Riddle's meaning guess;
 If Fate be in't, let Fate it self express :
 I feel vast appetite, yet dread to eat,
 As if I saw that death were in the meat.
 As half-starv'd Fish that fear the mortal Hook,
 Yet by the lovely Bait drawn in are strook ;
 She hangs so fair, so tempting to my eye,
 Let ruine wait, I'll tast her though I dye :

[Exeunt.

S O N G.

*How severe is fate to break a heart
 That never went a roving ;
 To torture it with endless smart,
 For too much constant loving :
 I bleed, I bleed, I melt away,
 I wash my watry Pillow ;
 I walk the Woods alone all day,
 And wrap me round in Willow.*

Cæsario solus, rising as from sleep.

Cæs. Ple not endure't ; Hence from my fancy rush,
 Or I to nought your frightful air will crush :
 Methought I saw her in *Augustus* bed,
 And after by my side beheld her dead.
Dye Gloriana, better thou shouldst bleed,
 Than once consent in thought to such a deed.
 O beauteous Virgin, daughter of the Spring,
 Who to my Winter dost refreshings bring,
 Still all in tears ? Like the Celestial bow,
 Bending with cares and sorrows that o'reflow ;
 Though bright yet sad thy shinings all appear,
 And on thy ev'ry Glory hangs a tear.

[Enter Narcissa.

Nar. Alas I know not what I have to say,
 Yet I methinks cou'd talk to you all day ;
 Tell you the mightiness of Tyrant Love,
 And how I cou'd from Courts with you remove ;
 Cou'd like the humble Lark in my cold Nest,
 Abroad all night in frosty Meadows rest :
 So I my vows to you my Star might bring,
 And ev'ry morning Songs of sorrow sing.

Cæs. O torment which the gen'rous cannot bear :
 Cease thy lamented story to declare,
 Doleful and sweet as waking Nightingales,
 When they repeat in Groves their Tragick Tales.

Nar. Is it then writ in the dark books above,
 That you the poor *Narcissa* ne're shall love ?
 That she shall languish with eternal pain,
 And never, never be belov'd again ?
 O stay, I see denial in your eyes :
 Yet as when some belov'd Relation dyes,

W

We to the person whom he lov'd most dear
With caution come, first usher doubt, then fear,
And with sad preparation teach the ear;
So to my trembling heart be cruel kind,
And sooth with soft delays my wounded mind.

Cæs. I will for ever thus before thee stand,
Walk, sit, or live, or dye at thy command.

Nar. 'Tis Heav'n to be thus part of one poor hour
To gaze and talk; alas, I ask no more.
And yet methinks——

If you and me the Emp'rour wou'd secure,
Where you my company must needs endure,
In some close prison for a year or so,
I'd find such thousand ways my love to shew,
With thousand pretty offices to serve,
That you shou'd say at last, she does deserve;
Nay sigh perhaps, and as I weary lay
Before your feet, with tears my labour pay.

Cæs. O arm thy gentle bosom with disdain,
And o're thy heart a noble conquest gain!
Think me, alas, unworthy to receive,
And the vast Present to some other give.

Nar. There is no reason why we love, nor how,
Yet to the yoke we all submissive bow:
With equal feet Love treads on Kings and Swains,
Like death o're ev'ry neck he casts his chains,
He wakes in Thornes, and sleeps in flow'ry Plains.

Cæs. Will you forgive me if I press to hear
How *Gloriana* does her sorrows bear.

Nar. Yes, that's the beauteous Thief that stole my right,
In whom your soul ignobly does delight;
For the blest know, though she more beauteous be,
In vertue she comes short, far short of me.
Vile as she is, untrue to all her vows,
Who now the Tyrant's proffer'd lust allows.

Cæs. O do not spot thy Virgin-purity
With such untruths, for one so lost as I.
She vile! ungentle cruel as you are,
Take heed, take heed, thou most injurious Fair,
And speak no more, least you be understood
To have a spice of *Cæsar* in your blood.

Nar. If there be truth in what the dying say,
Who wou'd suspected with the living stay;
By Heav'n she is as false as I am true,
And *Cæsar* wholly does her soul subdue:
To banishment she call'd your sentenc'd head,
And sleeps this night in the Imperial bed.

Cæs. Never such thund'ring shall my vengeance make,
Though she were charm'd she shou'd no slumber take,
Though she were sleep,—sleep! were she death yet she shou'd wake.

Ple rouse her with the noise of all my wrongs ;
 Furies shall call her with eternal tongues,
 False, false, forsworn : — But I unjust appear,
 And you more cruel than the Tyrant are ;
 Cruel to add to such a mass of grief,
 And I unjust to give your words belief.

Nar. How ! think me guilty of a Lye ! O Heav'n !
 Have I liv'd thus ! — Yet may you be forgiv'n ;
 I am unfit to live, and you to love,
 Let me to Death, and you to War remove ;
 You cannot be too rude in Armour dress'd,
 Since cruelty is there like fame profess'd,
 Like Love in Courts, it raves in ev'ry breast.
 Nor shall I need your Sword to make a wound,
 This last unkindness weighs me to the ground,
 O all ye vows of passion that I gave !
 Return and let me hide ye in the Grave.

Cas. Fall first ten millions such as I, e're thou
 To any grief my folly murmur'd bow :
 Look up, thou eye o'th' World, why does the red
 That now adorn'd thy cheeks, appear so dead ?
 What fatal Purple's this that shakes thy lip ?

Nar. I'm adding one small grain to death's vast heap,
 Thy love, thy love, hard-hearted *Cesar's* Son,
 The poor accus'd *Narcissa* has undone.
 Methinks you are not now so lovely quite,
 Or else 'tis death that darkens thus my sight :
 Not to believe ! — 'twas so unkind a part,
 There wanted only that to break my heart.

Cas. Believe ! I swear I do, I will believe,
 And but for thee I will hereafter live ;
 Ple tear that cruel Sorceress from my breast,
 And plant thee there of all my heart possess'd :
 O do not dye and leave me dumb, deaf, blind,
 Expos'd to all the curses of mankind ;
 Whole earth will warm it self against my head,
 And all the damn'd torment me when I'm dead.

Nar. Ah soft repose, how sweetly now I rest,
 As if your bosom were with Roses dress'd :
 Wou'd you have been thus kind if I had liv'd ?

Cas. Witness —

Nar. Nay now you shall not be believ'd :
 O *Gloriana*, blest above women, how
 Didst thou this heart to thy false beauty bow ?
 I over-heard her with the Emperour,
 'Tis dying truth, she loves you less than pow'r.
 But I above the World, or that high bliss
 To which I hast — for my soul's lasting peace,
 Give me thy love ; — no more.

Cas. My soul receive,

Which

Which thus infus'd shall a new being give,
Breathe with my breath, and with my being live.

Nar. The mighty cordial does my senses cloy,
I dye like those that surfeit with vast joy:
Had you such words some minutes sooner spoke,
They'd fastned life, but now 'tis vain to speak,
For what can hold us when our heart-strings break.

[dyes.]

Cas. Take me along, by Heav'n I'll follow thee,
But how, no Instrument of destiny?
Heart, canst not break like hers? — how calm she went;
But mine's too big, and must with fate be rent,
Torn from my prison-house: why so it shall,
Ple rush and leave my brains on yonder wall.
Dye! 'tis most fit; yet e're the deed be wrought,
Shall not the blood of *Pompey* know her fault?
Yes, *Gloriana*, yes, thou murd'ring Fair,
I'll hollow death and vengeance in thy ear;
Rouse thee from *Glory's* grave with potent cries,
Charm'd like a naked Ghost compell'd to rise.

Enter Marcellus.

Mar. I bring thee hasty news, live, live, but fly.

Cas. News for thy news, look there, and bid me dye.

Mar. My Sister dead!

Cas. She parted from life's Tree
Hard like Green-fruit, and she was pluck'd by me.
Why dost thou bend her? life thou canst not mold;
She is like Alabaster, fair but cold.

Mar. O barb'rous Friend! — Friend! I the name disown,
But 'tis thy blood that must her loss atone;
Thy own cur'st tongue which did her murder boast,
Has sentenc'd thee to death; — for ever lost,
Dye, Royal wretch. —

Cas. What does thy arm arrest?
I have no Sword, and proffer thee my breast;
Why dost thou turn thy melting eyes away?
I am in haste for death, and cannot stay.

Mar. Thou art not yet so black, but my quick sight,
Through all thy shades can spy some streaks of light;
Though bloody, thou art valiant, and I scorn
To give base death to one so Nobly born:
Thou shalt in equal Duel perish.

Cas. No,
Thou wert my Friend, and canst not be my Foe.
'Tis true, thy Sister dy'd for love of me;
Can mortals help what Heav'n sets down shall be?
Am I in fault? To thee I must be so;
Then right thee here, 'twill prove a welcome blow.

Enter Julia.

Jul. Casario, live! what means my fatal Lord?
Is't possible that you can draw your Sword

Against your Friend, that Friend whose life of late
Our pray'rs redeem'd from near approaching fate?

Mar. Look there, and blame the vengeance I shou'd give;
Is this a Friend? does he deserve to live?
The horrid crime which he has done peruse,
And then the justice of my rage excuse.

Cæs. Something in this last treatment shews thee base;
Thou call'st my crime, what my misfortune was:
Should I have us'd thee thus, who wert to me
A thousand times more dear than life could be?

Jul. How e're unfortunate, 'twas a dread deed,
At such a sight my Father's eyes will bleed:
Yet, Oh *Marcellus*! spare *Cæsario's* life,
'Tis due to Friendship, and your weeping Wife:
Sorrow so noble paints his manly look,
That to the heart I am with pity strook.
Let his life's former acts this once perswade,
For faults perhaps which his ill fortune made.

Mar. 'Tis in the clouds what e're it be, and why,
But my heart says, by me he cannot dye;
But fly, be gone to some far desert, where
Thou may'st with safety live, thou canst not here.

For though we spare thee, *Cæsar* will not spare.

Jul. Go, go, *Cæsario*, fly thy threatening fate,
And fly from those thou mak'st unfortunate.

Cæs. Wretch that I am, and terror to the Earth!

Where, where is now th' advantage of my birth,

But to be highly miserable? no,

Marcellus, yet there's something left to do;

Bring me, before we part for ever, where

I may to *Gloriana's* guilt appear:

By Heav'n nor she nor *Cæsar* shall be harm'd,

For I will go with nought but sorrow arm'd:

By all remembrance of our Friendships past,

Grant me this one request, for 'tis my last.

Mar. I will do this; go not that way, my eyes

Grow sick, and clouds of death before me rise.

[Exit *Mar.*]

SCENE, The Emperours Bed-Chamber.

Gloriana sola, dress'd in white with a Dagger in
her hand, Tapers, &c.

Glor. He dyes, this Idol of the earth shall down;
That brow that aw'd the World with every frown,
This night shall bear its terrors to the Grave,
There Great *Augustus* shall his Empire have.
When he is dead, *Marcellus* must ascend;
And to high safety call his noble Friend;
To save my honour, and *Cæsario* too,
What more can *Gloriana* wish to do?

O Love! how masculine are all my fires?
 With what dread thoughts the God my breast inspires?
 When like a Lion all compos'd to rest,
 The Tyrant leans upon my Virgin-breast,
 In golden dreams expecting boundless bliss,
 I'll rock him fast, for ever fast with this.
 But heark, he comes, I must my arm prepare,
 I'll to the Bed and wait his coming there.

*Cæsar enters, goes to the Bed, draws the Curtain, and
 gazes on her: she rises amaz'd.*

Glor. Who's this? am I awake, or do I see?
Cæsar here indeed, can this be he?
 If thou be *Cæsar's* Son that did adore
 The blood of *Pompey*, speak, or love no more.

Cæf. Love no more.

Glor. Why dost thou thus with frightful action gaze?
 Or art thou but the Ghost of him that was?

Cæf. The Ghost of him that was.

Glor. Such by thy steadfast eyes thou wou'dst appear,
 Thy dread replies unusual horror bear,
 Yet sure that form my soul can never fear.
 Who was thy murd'rer, if thou murder'd be?

By *Cæsar* slain, or wert thou kill'd by the ——

Cæf. Kill'd by thee.

Glor. Cease, horrid eccho, cease, and tell at large,
 What dost thou seek, what is it thou wou'dst charge?
 Some dreadful business drives thy stormy mind,
 In *Glariana's* breast a Haven find.

Art thou distracted with thy mighty grief?
 Or wou'dst thou gain from wretched me relief?

Cæf. I came to seek for painted virtue here,
 For one exceeding false, exceeding fair;
 For one whose breast shone like a Silver Cloud,
 But did a heart compos'd of Thunder shroud;
 For one more weeping than the face of *Nile*,
 Whose liquid Crystal hides the Crocodile;
 For one who like a God from Heav'n did pour
 Rich rain, but lust was in the golden shower;
 For one who like *Pandora* beauteous flew,
 But a long train of curses with her drew;
 For one who like a Rock of Diamonds stood,
 But hemm'd with death, and universal flood.

Glor. Did I not know you of the Noblest frame,
 I must confess you might the manner blame;
 Appearance wou'd some jealous troubles raise,
 Respect the time, the posture, and the place:
 But trust me and retire.

Cæf. Still worse; —— Retire,
 And leave thee here to roul in sinful fire,
 Like a fair Glutton gorging vast desire!

O Appetite of Angels! such with awe

Thou didst appear when first thy form I saw:

Glory came down, and Beauty hover'd there;

But fleeting as the bosom of the Air;

Air not more wish'd, nor easier had than thou;

Air which the Gods to men and brutes allow.

Glor. Have I deserv'd this? but you may go on,

My faith will better by your guilt be shewn.

Cæs. 'Tis true, the dress of innocence you have,

You look as you were going to a Grave;

Prepar'd to crumble into Rosie dust,

To meet a Tomb, and not the Bed of lust:

Such Heav'n is in your face all clean and white,

Like Goddesses in flesh, so clear to sight;

But 'tis not fit I tell what's lodg'd within,

How full thy bosom is of foulest sin.

Glor. Speak, for I am prepar'd the worst to hear.

Cæs. O such a heart thou hast that lodges there,

It all things deadly and perverse does will;

So in bright Palaces black Tyrants kill:

So mortal damps are hid in golden Mines,

And deprav'd spirits lurk in Sacred shrines.

Glor. Have you done yet?

Cæs. The ills that thou hast done,

Will like the Steeds of Night for ever run,

Furies still lashing on; — for thee, ingrate;

I was the cause of dead *Narcissa's* fate.

Glor. O Heav'ns!

Cæs. 'Twas love of thee that urg'd her doom;

Thou thoughtst thy perjury shou'd never come

To these deluded ears, but 'twas from her

I learnt how excellently false you were!

But I fond fool wou'd not believe, till she

By death confirm'd thy matchless treachery.

Glor. I seem'd indeed with *Cæsar* to consent,

But 'twas to give him fatal punishment;

To end his Tyrannies with one great blow,

Which all your rage in vain essay'd to do.

For this I leant on the Imperial Bed,

Deeply resolv'd with this to strike him dead;

For this I urg'd you to retire at first,

'Tis true, or may I be for ever curs'd.

Cæs. I know, I know, you cannot want excuse,

The fair are still most witty in abuse;

But I am arm'd, with demonstration arm'd,

And will no more with Beauty's wounds be harm'd:

Did not the dying speak it? perfect proof;

I heard, I've seen, by Heav'n there is enough:

I will be deaf as winds when Sea-men pray, —

And sweep as furious and as swift as they.

Glor.

Glor. Yet cruel turn.

Cas. By all the Gods I'll not,
I am resolv'd, and will no more be caught :
Thus turning from thee, thus I lose the sight
Of all I ever lov'd ; I'll take my flight
Beyond the *Scythian* hills, where horrid care
With her cold sighs chills all the neighb'ring air ;
Freezes life's heat, and binds the springing blood,
Where mirth and joy are words not understood ;
Where thousand sorrows shoot along the glades,
And melancholy sits in mighty shades ;
Thither I'll fly, and darken all the place,
And with new clouds the solemn mourners grace ;
With floods of tears I'll wash the stains of Love,
And raise all *Caesar* to the Thrones above.

Glor. Be gone, to death, to death *Casario* fly,
Or if you fear, I'll teach you how to dye :
I'll be your guide in your dark course, and shew
The way to Heav'n, which sure you do not know :
I'll imp your pennons, when they flag with guilt,
And rest you on some clouds embroider'd quilt :
Chide your suspicions as you weeping sit,
Yet pardon all the faults you did commit.
Thou wilt believe me true when I am dead,
And death will free me from the Tyrant's bed :
Turn then, behold the offering which I make,
The last of *Pompey* dying for thy sake.

Cas. Hold, *Gloriana*, desperate murd'ring Fair !
Thus, is it thus thou wou'dst thy honour clear ?
Each drop that falls will to an Ocean swell,
To swallow me ; (who can the horror tell !) }
I drown, I'm sunk beneath the depths of Hell.
But I'll not speak to thee, my breath's so foul,
That ev'ry poisonous word will blast thy soul.

Glor. Ah cruel kind ! I can but lose thee now,
And death's less dreadful than thy angry brow ;
The dreadful Scene was so severely wrought,
Except I dy'd, I must be guilty thought :
But I'll no more the crime of fate upbraid,
Wipe thy bath'd eyes, and raise thy drooping head, }
Alas, we were not for each other made.

Cas. Night ! everlasting Night ! — Oh !

Glor. Do not grieve ; —

With my last breath pardon and love receive.
Support me : —

Cas. Firmer than old *Atlas* stands,
And prop a Richer Heav'n with Mortal hands.

Glor. Take me secur'd from past and future harms ;
Bow'd to thy neck, and sinking in thy arms :
I go the long dark way, —

Cæs. Not yet.

Glor. Farewell.

[*Exes.*]

Cæs. Back, thou departing life, back to thy Cell,
Her heart in Heav'n thou canst not sweeter dwell;
Move the still pulse, and thaw each frozen vein;
Return, I say, I'll force thee back again;
Catch the bare soul just plunging into bliss,
And give it back with this fast deathless kiss.

Enter Augustus in his Night-gown.

Aug. Thus when the Royal Eagle stoops to pair,
With a delib'rate wing he beats the air;
Views all the Queens of his Heroick Race,
To judge whose eyes deserve Imperial grace:
But having chose aloft his Empress, bears
To kiss *Jove's* feet, and know her kindred Stars:
So shall my Mistress sit enthron'd above,
First share my Glory, and then taste my Love,
Ha! who art thou? my Rival arm'd! who waits?
Cæsar's betray'd. —

Enter Mecænas and Guards.

Cæs. Call the opposing fates,
With all the Forces of the fighting Earth,
For I wou'd perish as becomes my birth.

Aug. How cam'st thou here?

Cæs. I will not tell thee how,
Should the Gods ask, I have not leisure now:
But more to blow thy hate, and on disdain
Pile burning Rage, behold thy Mistress slain.
Now give me death. —

Aug. Death! thou hast nothing nam'd,
Thou shalt be rack'd an Age, and then be damn'd.
Oh *Gloriana*, bright unhappy Fair!
But shall revenge be wanting to despair?
Kill him, he dies though *Cæsar* should come down,
And for his life with sacred sighs atone.

Cæs. I thank thee, mighty Rival: —
Yet e're my Ghost puts on her Aiery Shroud,
Behold I kneel, who ne're to man yet bow'd,
And beg that when the fatal fires convey'd,
By which this body must be Ashes made,
Some of my dust, as a more gen'rous doom,
May be inclos'd in *Gloriana's* Tomb.

Aug. Thou crav'st those Honours that my envy move,
Yet I'll be just to Glory as to Love;
Thou shalt not vainly kneel, I will comply
With your desires, *Cæsario* rise and dye.

Cæs. This act of virtue, though so lately shewn,
Will in Oblivion all your vices drown:
Now Guards your mighty Master's will obey,
Aim'd at my heart your pointed weapons lay;

With

With all your Spears my body thus enclose,
And let me set in Glory as I rose.

Aug. The fate he claims my justice has decreed,
And though I turn me from the bidden deed,
Yet for the Empires safety he must bleed.

Fight.

Cæs. Thus fell my Father, thus encompass'd round,
And bore beneath him Glory to the ground;
With the remains of life I'll drag me on,
And at thy knees for ever lay me down.
Oh happiness! Oh pleasure in death's pangs!
My hovering soul o're thy lov'd sweetness hangs:
Ple grasp her all, and Love shall last be mine;
Give me but this, *Cæsar*, the world is thine.

[*dyes.*

Enter Agrippa.

Ag. Heav'n! *Cæsar*, Guard!

Aug. Oh my *Agrippa*, see,
Behold the malice of my destiny;
Terrible death which I so often brav'd,
With this last vizard has the Victor scar'd.
Ag. Yet by the fall of Love Empire's acquir'd,
Since with your Mistress *Cæsar's* Son expir'd.

Ides. Thus when th' immortals take, they greatly give,
And bribe your big affronted heart to live.

Aug. But all Earth's Kingdoms cannot equal weigh,
With the vast sums Love in the Scale did lay:
Thus the great Governours return me Brass
For Gold; and for my Diamonds, barter Glass.
By this time I had been in bed in Heav'n,
And o're their heads with tow'ring pleasures driv'n.

Enter Tiberius.

Tib. Yet fortifie your mind, dread Sir, and hear
What none but I durst utter to your ear,
Fate by *Narcissa's* loss more spite has shewn,
And sudden death has robb'd you of a Son.

Aug. Ha!

Tib. *Marcellus* stay'd by *Julia* from the ground,
Sunk in her arms, and dy'd without a wound:
Stretch'd on his limbs the Princess lies all pale,
And soon will perish except you prevail.

Ag. We must submit to the Divine Commands.

Aug. No, I'll not take a blow more at their hands:
~~Raise me a Fun'ral Pile, and round me mourn,~~
For 'tis resolv'd like *Hercules* I'll burn.

Grief mortal as his poison'd shirt sticks fast,
And now I wish that my last hour were past;
That my immortal honours were begun,
I'll dye, I'll set this Ev'ning with the Sun.
Summon the Earth, wrong'd *Livia's* Son proclaim
My *Cæsar*, and to Heav'n resound his name.

Tib.

Tib. For me 'twere vanity to make reply,
Yet in *Augustus* quarrel I dare dye;
And almost with the World might once rebel,
That I might reap the fame your Foes to quell :
But you already awe the Nations round,
And at your nod bow'd Scepters touch the ground.

Aug. Small are the thanks I owe the Pow'rs above
For all the Nations that Beneath me move :
As severe Masters ply their early charge,
Yet their vex'd spirits at set times enlarge;
Some few short airy joys in Fields to find,
And for worse hardship bait the wearied mind ;
So Heav'n abroad with Conquest crowns my Wars,
But wracks my spirit with domestick jars.

The End of the Play.

Epi-

EPILOGUE

TO THE

Court of Augustus Cæsar.

Spoken by Mr. Haynes.

YOur Servant, Gentlemen: 'tis a long time
Since I had th' honour to converse with you in Rhime,
They told me at t' other House y' had left us quite, }
And I was going to hang my self out-right,
But for the hopes of pleasing you to Night : }
For what's insipid life to them or me,
Without the favour of your Company?
Good faith I'm very glad to see you here,
'Tis well you can at a New Play appear :
This Winter you forsaking all the Old,
Kept up one while of a damn'd Pockie Cold ;
Some few came here, but who, the Lord can tell,
All were shrunk up like Snails within their shell ;
Huge Brandenburg had so disguis'd each one,
That from your Coachman you could scarce be known ;
And then you droopt as if half-drown'd you came
Scap'd from North-Holland or from Amsterdam ;
And Cough'd, Heav'n save you ! with as grave a motion,
As you had been at Church, where 'tis Devotion.
The Ladies too neglecting every Grace,
Mob'd up in Night-cloaths came with Lace to face,
The Towre upon the Forehead all turn'd back,
And stuck with Pins like th' Man ith' Almanack.
The Misses, those delights of humane kind,
No longer in their dear Side-boxes shin'd,
But each to Chamber-practice did retire,
With Ale and Apples, and a Sea-coal fire :

H

Now

Now this misfortune we by yours have found,
Your Cold still sticks by us, though you are sound.
But Sirs, what makes it now so hard I pray
To get you here but just at a New Play?
We've Play'd t' oblige you all that's in our pow'rs,
We've Play'd and Play'd our selves e'en out of doors,
And yet we cannot find one way to win ye;
You're grown so nice, I think the Devil's in ye.
But hold, there's one way yet to get your praise,
Ill treating you your appetites may raise;
Libels and Lampoons we for Plays must write,
Criticks like Lovers pal'd with their delight,
Always esteem those kisses best that bite. }
We'l deal with you, Gallants, in your own way,
And treat you like those Punks that Love for pay;
Cartwright and I dress'd like two thund'ring Whores,
With Rods will stand behind the Play-house doors,
And firk you up each day to pleasure duly,
As Jenny Cromwell does, or Betty Buly.

FINIS.

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